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Wylins Fae My Wallet

WYLINS FAE MY WALLET

BY

GEORGE ABEL

FOREWORD BY

PROFESSOR STALKER, D.D.

ABERDEEN

WITH A GLOSSARY

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FOREWORD.

THE former students of our Aberdeen College, at their annual gathering in Edinburgh during the sittings of the General Assembly, once placed in the chair a country minister, known to me at the time hardly more than by name. I was astonished, till he began to speak; but then it became clear that those responsible for providing a chairman had known their man; for there flowed from his lips a speech as perfect for geniality, humour, and literary grace as could have been delivered by the most practised after-dinner orator. Since then I have had occasion to see Mr. Abel play many parts; but he has always measured-up to the stature I divined in him that afternoon. In this book he appears in a new character—new to me, but not to his more intimate friends and acquaintances,—and he attains the same easy mastery, combining with the wisdom of a shrewd and kindly teacher the music that delights, and the phrase which cannot be forgotten. These poems will be most enjoyed and oftenest quoted in the part of the country where the Doric in which they are composed is spoken; but I should like to add that, though not having the honour to be an Aberdonian, I can read them without difficulty.

JAMES STALKER.

ABERDEEN, December, 1915.

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Wylins Fae My Wallet.

THE DEEIN' POACHER.

I HIV snared my hinmost mawkin, I hae bagg'd my hinmost bird;
I will tramp nae mair the snaw, nor yet the green;
Sure, afore the pheasants fatten, I'll be sleepin' i' the yird,
For I saw the doctor shakin's heid the streen.

Ay, the keeper will be lauchin'—curse his knickerbocker'd legs!—
An' the laird 'll hae less sweerin' on his sowl;
The 'll be peace amo' the heather, an' the plantins, an' the segs,
For the poacher's leavin' man, an' beast, an' fowl.

Yet I'd like anither sizzon, for the hatchin' time was dry,
An' the simmer's been a beauty a' the time;
The 'll be muckle bags for gamey, an' aneuch for me forby—
Gin I only cud get stoot, I'd risk the crime.

But this bloomin' hoast is killin', an' my spurtle shanks
are sair,
Fegs, I never was sae tired upo' the hill;
It's my crawlin' i' the ditches, an' my wand'rin' late
an' air',
His played Harry wi' the life o' Poacher Bill.

The parson, couthie body, he was here on Tyesday
nicht,
An' he tell't me fat I am, an' didna spare;
But he tell't me o' the huntin' lan's ayont the eagle's
flicht:
Man, he even trysted me to meet him there!

Oh! I win'er if there's mercy to gie chaps like me a
chance:
Oh! I win'er if it's trowth the parson said:
It wad gar my pulses canter, an' my dacklin hert to
dance,
War I sure my black accoont his a' been paid.

I hae tastit little mercy, for 'twas aye the saxty days;
But the Shirra winna hae the hinmost word:
If I only cud but lippen as I ocht, the Pilot says,
I'd get thro' the swallin' river at the ford.

THE LAN' O' ANITHER CHANCE.

FAR across this wardle's hill-taps do I cast my weary glance—
They hae kirsen'd it the Countrie o' the Leal—
Whaur the aefauld an' forfochen wichts will get anither chance,
Whaur there's nane to pit a sprag upo' their wheel.

I hae little i' my moggin as I clim' the hinmost brae,
Tho' I tyauv'd upon my haudin late an' air';
There was naething threeve but dockens—nether girse, nor neeps, nor strae—
But I'm howpin' I'll dae better up the stair.

We had twice the wicket pleura, an' we'd aince the fit-an'-moo,
We had braxy, there was fivver 'mong the kine;
But the warst o' a' misfortunes—I can hardly tell't to you—
Fin the wife begood to dwine i' the decline.

Oh! it's little hae I made o' it, an' little I'm thocht o',
An' at me the fogget billies glow'r askance;
This is no a chummy warld for him whause boatie disna row,
But there's Ane sticks close wha'll gie anither chance.

Sure ayont the muckle mountains that do mairch the countries twa,
There are haudins whaur the tack 'll ne'er rin oot,
Whaur a' thrives to eident wirkers, an' there's naething crines ava,
Whaur the sizzons bring nae dool, nor dreed, nor doot.

I'll forgaither wi' aul' cronies, an' wi' missin' wife an' weans,
An' oor hoose 'll be whaur God pinned aff the stance;
There we'll sing "The Lord's my Shepherd," an' we'll ken syne fat it means,
I' the Lan' whaur leal an' trauchlet get their chance.

THE MITHER'S AE BAIRN.

GOD gied my man an' me a bairn,
But only ane;
A strappin' lass was Annie Nairn,
Her marrow nane.

Her face was fair as simmer's broo
At mornin' tide,
Her hert was pure as fa'in' dew
On mountain side.

An' ithers saw her winnin' wirth,
Swains swarmed like bees,
An' some o' them o' gentle birth,
Wi' pedigrees.

But Death, the suitor, wan the day,
Tho' hard she struve;
He got her han', tho' she said nay,
But nae her luve.

Yet Annie wisna lang his bride;
She chait the banns,
An' sailed awa on early tide
To ither lan's,

Whaur dowie Death daur ne'er set fit
An' his nae say,
Whaur lovin' herts need never flit
Throw en'less day.

An' there my Annie waits for me,
An' a' that murn;
Sure we'll forgaither whaur we'll be
A couthie curn.

THE MUSIN'S O' A FAIRMER'S DOG.

I'M gled I am a fairmer's dog,
  An' nae a shepherd's yelp;
It's better grub, an' langer rists,
  An' seldomer a skelp.

My dish is full't three times a day
  Wi' fat's gyaun but an' ben,
An' files a moofu', o' the sly,
  I pilk fae cat an' hen.

They bed my cooch wi' aiten strae,
  Far I can drowse an' sleep;
They dinna mak' me fob wi' wark
  Sin they gied up the sheep.

The baillie loon, that widdiefu',
  Files sets me at the kye;
The maister scauls, exceptin' fin
  The gager looks in-by.

It's something aboot leeshinsin'
  That gars him cheenge his tune;
He disna pey for me gin I'm
  A han' as weel's the loon.

Of coorse, I dee some watchin', tee,
  An' fleg the gangrel clan,
An' at an unco fit at nicht
  I raise a gey ran-dan.

I dee mair barkin' files, I doot,
  Than ony o' them like;
They widna hae me min' the meen
  Nor conter Hilly's tyke!

But fin the maiden wints her lad,
  'At bides ayont oor rigs,
I ken richt weel to bark my best
  As we gyang by his digs.

Gin he comes oot, an' doon the road,
  I'm seer to get a clap;
I'm nae blackguairded for my din,
  But hae a brandy snap.

There's ae thing 'at I canna thole,
  An' that's to hird the craws—
To scamper ower the tattie-grun
  Aneth their lood guffas.

I like to gyang wi' plooman Tam,
  Sae roch an' richt an' droll,
An' guaird his jacket o' the fleed,
  Aside a rabbit's hole.

I like fin there's a ruck taen in
  To full the barn laft,
An' I can crack the rottans' backs
  Afore they bite my chaft.

An' mony ither ploys, awat,
  Are fairly to my taste;
It's braw to be a fairmer's dog,
  His billet's 'boot the best.

But, och, I'm nae sae soople noo
  To rin a mile or twa,
I'm hirplin' like my mither did
  Afore she gaed awa.

I kenna far she gaed, ava,
  Nor far they will pit me,
But I wid be a fairmer's dog
  Farever I may be.

LEAVIN' THE FAIRM.

THE lease is deen, an' sae am I,
The three nineteens hiv gallop'd by;
I haed the tack fin young an' spry,
But waes me noo!

I've seen fower lairds in fifety year—
They dinna laist as factors' weer—
An' they maun gyang an' leave their gear
Jist like the lave.

Fin I cam' here 'twis but a scaup,
Its awcres widna keept a whaup;
I fairly haed a scrimpy caup
Fin I begood.

I tapdressed weel afore the ploo,
An' keepit stas an' midden foo,
I giddered wides, an' oot I blew
The heathen steens.

I drained it far the beasties laired,
Cleaned oot the stripes yaird efter yaird,
The dykes an' pailin's I repaired,
An' made them trig.

I reeve in fae the hedder moor,
An' I haed darger chiels galore,
An' added awcres near a score
Ontill the fairm.

An' sae for forty year an 'mair
I haed the bouns for twa gweed pair,
Forby a shalt to tak' its share
At orra wark.

I ken ilk rig upo' the place;
They're dearer that I cheenged their face,
An' set them growin' neeps an' gress
Wi' a' their micht.

But I maun leave the haudin noo,
The wecht o' years is garrin's boo,
An' win' an' limb are owre far thro'
For ane in chairge.

The mistress, tee, has sair come doon;
The mony jots 'boot hoose an' toon
Are nae for ane wi' sic a croon
O' fitened thack.

She cam' wi' me fin I cam' here,
An' weel she's hauden in the gear;
"The better horse is the grey mear,"
The neepours said.

She maybe is; I winna say:
But baith hiv hid oor turn an' day;
Thegither doon the road we'll gae,
Leal, lovin' herts.

We've taen a craft wi' ae coo's maet—
It's handy that it wis to let—
For file we're kneef an' at the gait
We need some ploy.

I'm gled it's near the Hoose o' Gweed,
For Jean an' me hiv aye gien heed
To mair than a bit daily breed
That disna laist.

We'll manage to creep up the road,
An' hear the Wird, an' meet wi' God,
An' pit oor offerin's i' the brod,
Thanks till His name.

We'll aften think upo' the fairm,
But mair aboot the hinmost term,
Tho' nae, I howp, to dee us hairm,
An' hinmost flit.

THE OOTLIN.

I'M back to Starnyfinnan efter fifety years awa,
An' hardly meet a livin' sowl wi' whom I eesed to jaw;
I fin' mysel' an ootlin i' the pairis' that wis hame;
I coontit upo' cheenges here, but naething noo's the same.

The hoosies o' the clachan 'at I left in claes o' thack,
They're spick an' span wi' cans an' sclaits upo' their heid an' back;
Nae doot, it's richt an' up to date; but, man I miss the breem,
An' this is nae the clachan o' my hamesick, nichtly dream.

The kirks are nae the same to me; the ministers are new;
I dinna see sae mony fowk on Sawbath i' the pew;
The dominie is nae like fat I haed fin at the skweel;
The doctor 's unco wise-like, but I dinna ken the chiel.

I miss the canny joggin' o' the days fin I wis here,
Fin we wid tak' a file to sneeze, an' rade on Shanks's mear;
But a'thing noo's like lichtnin', wi' their cars, an' bikes, an' 'phones;
They daur misca' oor forbeers for a lot o' lazy drones.

I miss the muckle thochts an' howps o' whilk we aften
spoke,
The gweed an' bonny custom, tee, o' Robbie's cottar
folk;*
The youngsters noo they rowle the reest, their moos
they winna sneck,
Their paarents get their cheek an' tongue, but dinna
get respeck.

I miss the pairis' dafties—an' o' them we haed a fyow;
There's Sandy wi' a pooch o' stanes to tak' him thro'
a row;
There's Meg upo' her daily roons wi' half a dizzen
dogs,
An' Davie at a preachin' bout, an' Jock in weemen's
togs.

We leuch at them, we grat for them, they made us
gled an' wae;
But gin I binna sair mistaen, they've wiser heids the
day;
An' gin we dinna men' oor wyes, an' up an' fecht the
deil,
We'll see, when ilk comes till his ain, fa' wis the biggest
feel.

* Burns' "Cottar's Saturday Night."

Ye bid me stop my chirmin, for ye say that it's ill-
faured;
But, min' ye, I'm an ootlin here excep' i' the kirkyard,
An' cronies there, they winna speak as i' the days o'
aul'—
My cert! they're seelent billies that are lyin' i' *that*
faul'.

I thocht to pack my pyockies, an' gae back across the
sea,
But Nance, my faithfu' pairtner, has refeesed to gyang
wi' me;
Ah weel, I'll hae a freen an' chum fin she's abeen the
sod,
An' I'll get back the ither anes when comes the ca' o'
God.

AN AUL' MAN'S MUSIN'S BY THE SEA.

O THE sea is aul' an' grey,
For she's seen an auncient day;
An' I ken I'm aul' an' deen,
Sae I greet her as a freen.

O the sea is young an' new,
Like a mornin' sky o' blue,
An' she woos the bairnie ban'
Wi' her glist'nin' shalls an' san'.

O the sea's a muckle hert,
For she welcomes dull an' smert—
Baith the ragget fae slumlan',
An' the gentry spick an' span.

Ay, she broons the cheeks o' wealth
Wi' the tan o' lusty health,
An' her tonic to the peer
Isna scrimp, an' isna dear.

She's her humours like the lave,
Sometimes gay, an' sometimes grave,
Noo a cuddle, noo a cloot,
Lauchin', froonin', time aboot

She's her shallas an' her deeps,
She's her valleys an' her steeps,
An' fae them she gets at me,
For I hiv the same as she.

I hae h'ard her mony years,
Files in frolic, files wi' tears;
Noo I'm near my hinmost sleep,
Cranin' maist for voices deep.

Noo I'm neth the evenin' star,
Heark'nin' for the souns fae far,
Deen wi' shallas an' the near;
Deep an' distant I maun hear.

Sirs, the ocean speaks to me
O' the things that never dee,
Waukens echoes o' a creed
That is nae o' flesh an' bleed,

Sings o' hames, in mony tunes,
Farrer than her farrest boun's,
Farrer than the farrest blue,
Farrer than the birds e'er flew.

It 's the tryst o' Him, I deem,
Wha fulfils the swalla's dream,
Wha will ne'er brak faith wi' me,
An' Whause ocean daurna lee.

THE DOCTOR.

We kent the doctor's biggin' weel,
  Doon at the turnpike crook;
An' aften as I gaed to skweel,
  A message there I took.

"An', laddie, try an' see himsel,"
  The neebours yelled to me;
"Min', gin ye dinna ring the bell,
  Nae doctor we may see."

For Jinse, 'at keepit hoose, wis aul',
  Had dottlin' been for lang,
Foryet fat she wis clairly taul',
  An' sent the doctor vrang.

She pat him to the mullert's wife,
  Instead o' Gowpenwell,
A pooshan'd laddie lost the life,
  'Cause Jinse foryet to tell.

The doctor wisna sweer to road,
  Tho' sleepin' deid wi' fag;
He seen wis up, an' cled, an' shod,
  An' stridelins on his nag.

In lambin' time, at midnicht 'oor,
  The shepherd h'ard the trot;
The poachers h'ard it fae the moor,
  But didna care a jot.

In saidle aft, an' syne in gig,
  At beck o' great an' sma',
An' never war his chairges big,
  An' files nae chairge ava.

He'd spen' a nicht in some peer hoose,
  An' never get a bite,
Excep' fae social flech or loose,
  Wha peetied 's weary wyte.

His skeel was trusted but an' ben,
  Wi' fivver, hoast, an' drow,
An' fin he cudna guess or ken,
  He kent to shut his mou'.

To tell their sairs aul' wives laid wait,
  Hallo'd him at a mile;
The bairnies shammed jist for to get
  His penny an' his smile.

Folk sent for him tho' nae oonweel;
  He kent fine fat to dee;
He gied to them a breid-made peel,
  An' coloured-water bree.

He kent lang seen fat noo is clair—
  For he was i' the van—
That lovin' faith 'll aft dee mair
  Than pheesic jibbles can.

An' sae for forty years an' three
  He helpit ane an' a':
We gat him near the sheilin' tree
  Smored in a wraith o' snaw.

The shepherd taul' him nae to come
  Afore 'twas mornin' licht,
That there war wraiths as heich's the lum,
  An' roads war oot o' sicht.

But Jean was a' the shepherd haed,
  His love an' pridefu' care;
The doctor cudna rist in bed
  Fin life hung by a hair.

He faced the mirk nicht's fearsome moan,
  An' leggit up the steep;
But foonert, an' the drowse cam' on,
  An' seen his hinmost sleep.

We brak' the news to little Jean;
  Her een grew weet an' dim;
"He canna gyang to Heaven his leen,
  An' I maun efter him."

The shepherd an' his sabbin' wife
  Loot's pit them in ae grave—
The man that blithely gied his life,
  The lass he tried to save.

We buried them in frost an' sna',
  Oor dirge the soughin' win',
But saw them meetin' far awa,
  Their tribbles left ahin'.

For him nae mair the midnicht ring,
  An' fechts wi' mortal waes;
For her nae mair shud winter bring
  The croup an' waesome days.

The Lan' o' bonny health they reach,
  For which my hert sair pines,
Far parsons never need to preach,
  Nor doctors vreet oot lines.

THE DOMINIE.

THE skweel steed by the wimplin' Don,
  In sicht o' Benachie,
An' there the howpfu' mither's son
  Gat lear, an' smeddum, tee.

The Dominie I'll ne'er forget
  As lang's my mem'ry bides,
His pictur' in my hert is set,
  Unblurred by times an' tides.

His quizzin' een ahin' the specks,
  His croon o' tooslet hair,
His sonsy cheeks like bulgin' secks,
  A chin twa-faul an' mair.

But kibble he on hills an' dales,
  On fleer, on stour, or mud;
His heid weel first, the swalla'-tails
  Gaed efter as they cud.

Oor Domsie never took a wife,
  Aul' Bet o' hoose had care.
Wi' her he had aneuch o' strife;
  He widna risk nae mair.

We kent fin there had been a strush,
  The tag was to the fore;
Wi' mair than ane he had a brush,
  The thrashin's war galore.

But dear to me that lang, lang syne,
  In spite o' tag an' dunt;
'Twas then I gat the best that's mine
  For time, an' far ayont.

I leernt to coont, an' vreet, an' read,
  Gat map an' gremmar dreel,
Cud tell fan kings had lived an' dee'd,
  An' Latin verbs aff-reel.

But best o' a', I leernt the Buik
  That lifts the human lot;
Had catechis sax times an ouk—
  As aft's the pottage pot.

The Maister iver did his pairt
  To teach the wyes o' Gweed,
An' that a clean an' lovin' hert
  Was mair than brainy heid.

An' fat he bade's he wis himsel',
  Nae pick o' hate nor spite;
Fin throw the reek we got oor kail,
  'Twas a' Aul' Betty's wyte.

Fin we gaed oot the warl' to try,
  At poopit, shop, or pleuch,
There aye was on's the Maister's eye,
  An' that was seer aneuch.

Whan we wan hame to see oor folks,
  To Domsie's we gaed ower,
An' got a sneeshin' fae his box,
  A kin'ly wird an' glower.

But, oh thae days are far ahin's,
  An' Domsie's sleepin' soon',
An' near him aye the river rins,
  An' Benachie looks doon.

The Maister had a fun'ral braw;
  A kist o' oak wi' bress,
O' kerridges a half-mile raw,
  Ilk chiel in Sawbath dress.

We thocht that he was wirth't an' mair,
  For years o' lawbor spent;
I'll vooch they thocht sae up the Stair,
  Far wirth is better kent.

Ay, gin there be a farrer lan',
  Far fowk come to their ain,
Far honest wark we here began,
  We'll there begin again;

Gin there is still in front a task,
  Mair things we need to ken,
Oor Domsie will be at the dask,
  For he was aye far ben.

An' I will tak' a raith, or mair,
  An' hear him ca' my name,
An' he will mak' the drumly clair,
  An' Heaven 'll be like hame.

TO THE MEEN.

FIN days are short, an' nichts are lang,
An' country billies furth maun gyang,
It's blithe to see ye hale an' strang,
O freenly meen!

The streen I haed to cross the muir,
The road was roch, an' late the oor,
I'd fa'en an' peeled my shins for sure
But for yer licht.

They say that ye are nae sae far
As starns an' planets maistly are;
They brag they'll look ye up by car;
But I hae doots.

Ye're near aneuch to far we bide.
Ye're near aneuch to rowle the tide,
An' rax the day owre kwintra side
In hairvest time.

They speir if there are fowk abeen?
The glaiket breets, gin they had een,
They'd see the Mannie o' the Meen,
An' haud their tongues.

There's never on yer face a snarl,
Altho' ye hae to trail that carl
Aroon an' roon the muckle warl',
Year in an' oot.

But files, I doot, ye greet, my queen;
'Mang mairriet folk ye're nae yer leen;
An' fat's that broch aroon yer sheen
But sautie tears?

An' aften efter ye hae grat,
The lift in sympathy grows wat,
An' doon there comes on quyte an' hat
The bickerin' rain.

Some sweer that widder's i' yer pooer,
That fin for ouks we've had a stour,
A cheenge o' meen 'll gar't gae ower;
But ithers lauch.

An' sae the argie-bargies rin;
Tho' quate yersel', ye roose some din,
An' fader will fa oot wi' sin,
On your accoont.

But never min'; haud on yer wye;
Ye've mony freens aneth the sky;
Keep at yer job till a' sall lie
Amo' the mools.

The day 'll come fin ye'll get rist,
Fin a'thing here has turned to dist;
The Hame o' Life ayon the mist
Needs nae yer licht.

THE BAWBEE AN' THE BOB.

I WIS sittin' on the dresser as the gloam began to fa',
  An' wis glow'rin' at the peats upo' the fire,
Nae a cratur but nor ben, excep' the rottans i' the wa',
  For the men were oot, the weemen at the byre.

But as seer's my name is Tamson, there was speakin'
    i' the hoose,
  An' the nyatter'd wirds were near me, I could vooch,
So I cock'd my lugs fu' glegly, file I sat as quate's
    a moose,
  Till I track'd the argie-bargie to my pooch.

Then I thocht what could be there ava to keep up sic
    a jaw,
  An' I claw'd my lyart haffets, strok'd my nob,
An' this was fat I made o' it, as seer 's a craw's
    a craw—
  There was naething but a bawbee an' a bob.

Said the shillin', high an' michty-like, "How daur ye
    chum wi me?
  Jist an ill-faur't, broon-faced sharger ca'd a maick,
I am wirth twa dizzen coppers o' yer name an' low
    degree,
  It's lang time the Mint had gien ye a' the saick."

But the bawbee wisna seelence'd, nor wad tak' it lyin' doon—
" There is nether o's a giant, so methinks,
An' altho' it hurts your lordly een, I maun aloo I'm broon,
But it betters the fite-iron sheen o' tinks.

" Och, I weel ken fat they ca' me i' the orra vulgar mob,
'At 'll hardly gie a dacent coin his due,
But there's twa things ye will min' on—that they've kirsen'd you a bob,
An' I'm aftener i' the kirk, I'll sweer, than you."

But I hard nae mair for lauchin', for I leuch like ane gane gyte,
Ay, I leuch through a' the forenicht, an' the mirk;
I've been lauchin' aff an' on sin seen whene'er I min' the bite
At the Scottie wi' his bawbee i' the kirk.

THE MEAL AN' ALE.

THEY planned it at the market, far they baith were buyin' kye,
Wi' a sample o' the barley i' their queyt,
That Backie till his meal an' ale wad tak' a step ower by,
An' like neepours hae a hamely sup an' bite.

"But min'," said Mains, "the ploitery roads, an' that the meen's awa';
Ye'll be seer to fesh a lantern i' your hand;
Your een are no sae clever as when we were laddies twa,
Gin ye snapper at the briggie ye'll be pranned."

So Backie took his lantern—fin the wife had made him snod—
An' got throwe the clorty feedles wintin' hairm,
He sowfed himsel' across the brig, an' up the Tinklers' Road,
Then he lap the stile 'at stan's forenent the fairm.

The nicht gaed by like winkin' -Och, I min' the splorey weel—
But the fairmers didna fash the kitchie lang;

They slippet ben the hoose, far ale was rifer than the meal,
An' they blebbet there till baith their heids were wrang.

'Twas twal fin Backie startit for his biggin' yont the burn,
But he fear'd na fire nor water, man nor deil,
Lat him only get his lantern 'at had deen sae weel its turn,
An' he'd cairry Mains's ale as easy's meal.

. . . . . .

He ne'er gied a' the rinnins o' the hameward tramp that nicht,
But he thocht he beddit's lantern at the stack:
He swore 'twas byous wechty, an' most awfu' scrimp o' licht,
An' whene'er he spak he aye got answer back.

His mistress tell't me, froonin', o' the proticks o' her man,
An' that Mains sent owre a letter in a rage;
"Dear sir,—Herewith's your lantern 'at ye left upo' my han',
You will please return my parrot an' my cage."

HUMOUR.

O DINNA think it wrang to lauch,
  To see the fun o' things,
For mirth, it is a medicine
  To peer fowk an' to kings.

They say that far abeen the lift
  The fires o' humour play,
That God Himsel' raxed doon some quiles
  To cheer oor mortal day.

I hear the thunner's lood guffa,
  That gars the rafters dirl,
I watch the aul' wind's idelty,
  When oot upo' the birl.

The wee roy't kittlins on the hearth,
  The lammies on the lea,
The doggies at their tackie games,
  The monkeys on the tree—

Far can the craturs get it a'?
  Heaven's aumrie gies 't, I think:
War we but gleg I'm sure we'd see
  The vera wirmies wink.

But fawvour't man has mair than a'
  O' humour in his e'e;
The beasts, they get a gowpenfu';
  An oxterfu' has he.

He needs it, for there's mony whisks
  An' scaums abeen the sod;
He needs it, as the tourin' lum
  Maun hae its lichtnin'-rod.

There's mony freenships wid be smash't,
  An' mony joys tak' wings,
But for the licht by which we see
  The fun o' fowk an' things.

So we will gie oor thanks an eke,
  For sel's an' for the race,
An' pray that Gweed sen' doon galore
  Kind humour's savin' grace.

LAUCHIN WILLIE.

THEY say he leuch fin he was born—
  The doctor gat a scare;
His face was fite as frostit corn
  As he cam' doon the stair.

He'd never haed a case like that,
  Nor read o't in his buik;
An' knacky he pat on his hat,
  An' nippet roon the neuk.

Sae Will begood wi' lauchs an' craws,
  He widna sleep nor drowse;
The cradle rockit till's guffaws—
  They didna think it mowse.

Fin Willie gaed to skweel at five,
  A' trig wi' kaim an' soap,
He cheeng't it fae an eident hive
  Intill a snick'rin' shop.

The maister frooned an' feemed; but na,
  He cudna stop the souch,
He lun'ert Will, the deed o' a',
  But Willie only leuch.

His fader took him hame to wirk
  Fan skweelin' days war by,
An' so there cam' a mirky birk
  Amo' the milkin' kye.

The crummies shook their horny heids—
  They cudna mak' him oot;
An' never cud they chaw their queeds
  Fin Willie wis aboot.

His lauchin set the cocks to craw,
  The hens to flap the wing,
The bubbly habbert oot his jaw,
  The pigs danced jingo-ring.

Fin Willie cam' to haud the pleuch,
  A beard fae lug to lug,
'Twas aye the mair that Willie leuch,
  The mair the mears wid rug.

I've h'ard that Willie socht a quine,
  But that she gied him nay,
An' that a lauch, wi' ne'er a whine,
  Wis a' he hid to say.

Gin ever Willie fairms the toon,
  An' sits his fader's seat,
Fatever be his up or doon,
  He'll keep his lauch, I beet.

An' fin the nicht comes owre the hill,
  The nicht we a' maun meet,
He winna lauch—gweed, honest Bill—
  Bit, fegs, he winna greet.

A SCOTCH FAIRMER'S PRAYER.

ALMICHTY KING, my fader's God,
  Hoo can I leuk Thee in the face?
  Yet aye I've lippened to Thy grace,
An' will dee file abeen the sod.

Anither day has steek't its e'e:
  Forfochen wi' its moil an' dist,
  I pray for peacefu' oors o' rist,
An' cowerin sleep, a' gifts fae Thee.

For scores o' mercies tak' my praise,
  For micht to gyang my eeswal roons,
  An' haud my ain wi' market loons,
For hame an' freens, for breid an' claes.

But maist for Him 'at cam' fae far,
  An' 'gainst the deevil teuk oor side—
  The Son o' Man 'at cam' to bide,
An' help us throu' the sowl's teuch war.

Forgie my sins, mistaks I've made,
  Forgie a fairmer's wattery faith,
  For aye I'm dreedin' wraith an' scaith;
They say compleenin' is my trade.

Hae mercy, Lord, gin I've been near:
  I think I hiv' been feckly straucht,
  But on my breist there sits a waucht
For sellin' faut-free yon grey mear.

There's been owre mony market drams;
  My warldliness maun Thee provoke,
  For oh! my hert's aye i' the yoke,
My thochts owre aft atween the trams.

The sins 'at I've forgot forgie,
  An' hap them wi' Thy mercy's han';
  The Lord remembers mair than man,
He's better at forgettin', tee.

Lord, keep me ever on the squaar,
  May kin'ly wirds an' deeds be rife,
  An' leern me that there's mair in life
Than neeps an' strae, than kye an' car.

A maister fair I'd like to be,
  An' widna scaul fin I sid reese,
  Nor fat's in rizzon e'er refeese,
For mair than that Thou'st been to me.

I pray that a' aboot this hame,
  Espeeshially my flesh an' bleed,
  May never see in me but gweed,
Nor ever blush to hear my name.

Oh! may my laddies dee their pairt;
  Lord, hird them fae the wyes o' ill,
  An' gie to Jock as strong a will
As Thou hast gi'en a ten'er hert.

My dothers, Rosie, Jean, an' Liz—
  I thank Thee for the bonny bairns—
  Lord, guaird them fae the deevil's girns,
Lat them grow as their mither is.

Fatever sind'rins lie in front,
  Fatever be oor up an' doon,
  Lord, guide us to the Gowden Toon,
Far we'll forget ilk scaud an' dunt.

A CAUL WELCOME.

FIN I gaed to the kirk wi' Nan,
  The fowk did gape an' leuk,
But neen o' them heeld oot a han',
  Nor offered seat nor buik.

My wifie's bonnet catched their e'en,
  They scanced her weel-made goon,
They glowered at me fae heid to sheen,
  An' back fae breeks to croon.

Twa el'er billies weel cud see
  Fat we pat i' the brod;
Ane winket wi' his buzness e'e,
  The tither gied a nod.

We maybe forket oot o' bress
  Mair than we cud afford;
As ither sants 'll aye gie less,
  To pruve they lo'e the Lord.

But neen to his did speak a wird,
  We only got a grunt
Fin Nannie gied a chiel a dird,
  An' bade him hurschle yont.

As little haed the feck I saw
  To say to God Himsel';
They sat like divots in a raw,
  Ooncarin heaven or hell.

An' sae the wife an' me cam' oot
  Wi' dowie herts an' caul,
An' fegs, we baith did mair than doot
  If yon's oor Shepherd's faul.

If britherheed is ony wye,
  An' love that barms an' wirks,
If there are welcomes neth the sky—
  They shud be i' the kirks.

O sirs, ye'll gi'e the Lord a chance,
  His Hoose a better name,
An' dinna leuk at fowk askance,
  But gar them fin' at hame.

THE PIPER O' AIBERDEEN.

He played the pipes in Aiberdeen
  Fin I wis a bit loon,
An' pipes an' temper, weel-a-wat,
  War aften oot o' tune.

His fawvorite springs war "Monymus',"
  "The Braes o' Tullimet,"
He'd mairch to "Aden's Barren Rocks"
  Till reamin' owre wi' sweat.

He kent far there war Hielin' herts
  'At beat wi' Celtic throb,
An' seer they gat their weekly skirl,
  An' files he gat a bob.

But Donal's tribble wis the bairns
  Wha wid play on him rigs,
They mocket him, they cloddet him,
  An' pat him intae tigs.

Finever Donal' haed the chance
  He tried to squaar the score,
An' kicks, an' sclafferts i' the lug,
  War missoured oot galore.

A cripple quinie fae the slums,
  Wha never did him hairm,
Cam' hirplin' in aboot owre near;
  He strak', an' brak' her airm.

The Shirra's fine wis easy peyed,
  The siller wisna missed;
But ere the piper left the coort
  A mou haed to be kissed.

The lassie he haed mauled wis there,
  Her gairdy in a sling,
Heeld up her greetin' face to him,
  An' widna lat him ging.

He swithered till the sautie tears
  Did on her weet cheeks fa',
He kissed her, an' the hate o' years
  Wis fairly washt awa'.

I saw him aften efterhin,
  But aye amo' the slums,
An' roon him wis a wheen o' weans—
  His billies an' his chums.

He played nae mair in swagger streets
  Far purse an' wallet thruve,
But gied his best to ragget fowk,
  For antrin maiks an' luve.

I'm thinkin' fin he gyangs alaft,
  An' harpers need a rist,
The angels 'll gar Donal' tak'
  His pipes oot o' the kist.

SCOONERALS OR SANTS?

I AINCE wis at a gidderin' o' the cracksmen o' oor toon,
Fin a' the Sikes's shook their craps wi' ugly sweer an' froon:
I kenna hoo they loot me far they fear't a bobbies' raid,
Oonless it wis they teuk me for a brither i' the trade.

The meetin' didna start wi' prayer, nor yet the Hunnert Psalm,
But ilk brocht oot a cutter stoot in case o' nerves, or dwalm;
Belyve a muckle burglar muved himsel' into the cheer,
An' tecklet an oration to his pals an' brethren dear.

"Oors is an occipation, freens, the kwintra disna like,
They hunt us as the gamey ferrets rabbits i' the dike,
But, by my trusty jemmy, I will pruve that they are vrang,
An' that there sud be mair regaird for Wullie Sikes's gyang.

"Gin they wid think hoo mony chaps we gie a peyin' job,
They widna ca's a pilkin' crew 'at sorns on them they rob:

Fat wid come o' the bobbies, an' the consequential
beaks?
The warders o' the jilin' shops, the 'tecs, an' ither
sneaks?

" Fat, bit for his, wid chaplains dee, an' Black Maria
vrichts?
The papers wi' their fleggin strouds to gie their readers
frichts?
The lawyers an' the locksmiths, ay, an' ithers i' my
heid?
A mengyie o' them's hingin on's for bed an' daily breid.

" There's toffs that yarn in Parliament altho' they
dinna care—
They ban the boys that hiv the swag, an' creesh the
millionaire,
But fat's the taxes they pit on to mak' the balance richt?
Let them gie his a freer han', we'll dee mair in a nicht.

" An' nae a brag aboot it a', nor rinnin to the Press
To adverteese oor modest sel's, an' win the toon's
caress:
We dinna coort the public e'e, nor care for fame a dite,
Fin we are hauled into the licht it's a' the coppers'
wite.

" I tell ye we're an ill-ees'd lot, an' hiv to dee oor wark
I' maugre o' their bolts an' bars, an' maistly i' the dark:

Nae ither buzness men wid stan't; I'll sweer they wid brak doon
In facin' the diffeeculties we hae in ilky toon.

"We canna leern oor bairnies hoo in wisdom's wyes to keep,
They're wauken't fin we're snoozin', an' we're wirkin' fin they sleep,
The wives are sair negleckit 'cause oor 'oors are late an' air,
They'll aften gyang unthrashen for a fortnicht's time an' mair."

But noo a reemis at the door fair strak the speaker dumb;
An' some gaed throu' the winda, an' a puckle up the lum:
I think I see him stannin' yet whause gassin' cheers hid won,
Ablessin' at the bobbies as they pat the darbies on.

BENJIE.

I KENT him as a laddie, an' I kent him as a man—
  He was fairly wirth the kinnin a' his days—
He hadna muckle siller, an' he hadna ony lan',
  An' he wisna cled in gran' or skyrie claes.

But Benjie had a moggin that was stockit fae abeen,
  He had toggery fae the wardrobe o' the King,
A packit hert o' gowden loves, a sowl weel dress't an' clean,
  An' a conscience clangin' oot its honest ring.

But aye there is a something that is seer to crook the lot,
  An' to clood the morn's mornin' wi' a dreed,
An' Benjie's lowrin' tribble wis a common ane, I wot;
  It was fear o' bein' in wint for hoose an' breed.

His waages war but meagre—he wis jist the tanner's clerk—
  An' the buz'ness cudna stan' a leebral fee,
But gin the pey was scrimpy, syne there wisna muckle wark,
  Tho' aneuch, I doot, for sober Ben to dee.

For midder, bridders, sisters he provided boord an' bed,
An' for a' he did his leal an' lovin' best,
Till bridders cam' to manheed, an' the lassies a' got wed,
An' his midder dwined awa' intil her rest.

His biggin noo was lanely baith at mornin' an' at nicht,
An' in kitchie an' in parlour was a blank,
An' a' thing gaed agley wi' Ben, an' naething noo gaed richt,
Tho' he pat a puckly notes into the bank.

He seen grew little boukit, an' fowk said he was a wrack,
Yet he warstled throu' the lang day's weary roon,
But ae nicht cam' the notice that the tanner had to brak',
That the place wid be immedantly shut doon.

Peer Ben was fair dumfoonert, an' his een war weet an scaired,
For he cudna lang keep hoose an' pey the rint;
He widna get anither crib, sae dwebble an' grey-haired,
There was naething for't but beggary an' wint.

His noties noo grew fyower, an' his stoons war growin' mair,
He was dooblet wi' the wecht o' dool an' pain,

Till sair against the grain he socht the doctor's skeely
care,
An' was tell't that he wid ne'er be weel again.

His beater was a waster, an' a growth was at its wiles,
An' the en' was near an' wisna ouks awa';
The doctor said it sadly, but Ben h'ard it a' wi' smiles –
It was a' he cud to thrapple a guffa.

They win'ert at his crooseness an' at Benjie's fusslin
face,
But the rizzon o' it a' to me was kent;
His burden had been liftit, he was near the bonny place
Far there arena ony dreeds nor nane in wint.

THE COACHMAN AN' THE MOTOR.

He cam' in fae the stable wi' a face wad yirned milk,
An' he didna gie the doggie his bit piece,
An' he claucht't at my shoother wi' a han' that wisna silk,
Syne he, grainin', clytit doon upo' the deece.

"It's come at last, my woman, an' the maister's gien's the bag—
He cud hardly get it oot for 'Hum' an' 'Ha';
'The horse is to be saul,' he said; they're nae to keep ae nag,
An' in futur' they'll be motorin' for a'.

"I thocht I micht be keepit, for the laird's an aul'ish carl,
An' the remnant o' the road can no' be lang;
The horse is seerly fest aneuch to tak' him throu' the warl',
Ay, for a' the puckly miles he has to gang.

"But na, the donnert body, he maun jist be like the rest—
The Bible says that fashion is a snare—
He's been proddit, I cud sweer, by the leddy to invest.
Ach! the weemen 's been a bucker evermair.

"As sure's my name is Lammie, I can hardly lat it licht
That the roans are gyaun to tramp the roupin' ring,
The coach-hoose to be lockit, the kerridge oot o' sicht,
For a bloomin', bummin', tootin' motor thing.

"They say I shud hae learnt mysel' to dee the chafer's job;
They forget the scores o' towmonds on my croon:
Nor wad I lat the stang atween the knees that gripped a cob,
Na, nor foorich wi' the levers like a cloon.

"Aweel, we canna help it; but I'm clair it's a come-doon,
An' the cheenge fae horse an' kerridge gars me irk,
A foumart o' a motor gyangin' fuddrin' to the toon,
To the station, to the cooncil, an' the kirk!

"Yet, aiblins, it's ordeenit that the horse gae to the wa',
An' that coachmen chiels be pitten i' the neuk;
But Heaven's spashious steadin' will maist seerly hae a sta',
For I've read as much in Scriptur's hin'most buik.

"I doot I wis ower suddent wi' the maister i' my heat,
An' I tongued him till the cratur turned his back;
But I will tak' his pension, an' beg pardon to the beet,
For withoot it, Jean, we winna hae a plack."

Wi' that he took his pottage, an' a leebral dish o' tay,
  Syne he vrat a bonny letter to the laird;
He never speaks o' motors, tho' he sees them ilky day,
  An' the pension will gae wi's to the kirkyaird.

THE TINKLER'S GROWL.

I'M naething but a tinkler, but *I* dinna care a hang,
I'll souder wi' the best o' them, an' lick the hale jing-bang,
I'll coup a horse, I'll drink the bree fae evenin' until morn,
I'll tell a lee an' haud my face, wi' ony mortal born.

It's nae sic times for tinklers as fin I wis a bit loon,
Och! than it wis we'd scouth an' routh owre a' the kwintra roon;
I'm up against the fairmers, an' I'm bannin' a' the lairds;
A plague upo' the fowk that's sae fell hard upo' the cairds.

Fin I set oot wi' cairt an' kit, the belts an' roadside wids
War apen to the tinklers, an' their tents, an' wives, an' kids,
But noo they're fairly pailin't up wi' wicket weer that prods,
An' guairdet wi' the ugly face o' daur-ye-camp-here brods.

I win'er foo the tinkler is caul-shouthered nooadays;
He isna sic a thief as some that weer far better claes,
An' tho' he files may hae the scab, he's clean in ither
wyes—
There arena ony bastards i' the tent far tinkler lies.

Ye seerly ken that gangrel bleed rins reed in ilky vein,
That we maun rove the kwintra side in sunshine an' in
rain;
Tho' ye may cage the eagle, an' the lion, an' baboon,
Ye winna crib us in a hoose, nor tether's till a toon.

They speak o' eddication noo for dother an' for sin,
An' fin we see the offisher, it gars us pack an' rin;
But we hae a' the leernin' 'at we need, or can afoord-
Aneuch to read the road-post, an' the cursed plantin
boord.

O, bridder man, hae mercy on 's, tho' sair against the
grain,
O, dinna brak' the tinkler's hert, that's unco like yer
ain,
An' gie's a stance far we will hae the sun, an' win', an'
sna,
An' maybe ye'll be nane the waur wi' Him 'at lo'es us
a'.

THE SOLILOQUY O' AN AUL' MEAR.

AUL' Charlie Darwin—lang aneth the sod—
Says man an' beast thegither took the road,
But sin'ert, for the human cudna wait,
So brak' awa' an' proodly gaed his gate.

But aye there is a sibness 'tween the twa,
That ilk maks oot sae far the ither's jaw;
An' so it cam' aboot that I cud hear
The musin's o' my fader's aul' grey mear.

It was the term when horsemen chiels will flit,
And Peter Smith had gane wi' kist an' kit;
Bess, hin'leg ristin, heid oot owre the dike,
Refleckit on the cheenge, an' things siclike.

"So Peter's aff—I win'er fa I'll get?
Gin he's a scoot I'll try my game an' set;
If gweed to me wi' lippies heapit weel,
I'se dee my best, an' ne'er gyang oot o' reel.

"A warl' o' cheenge! They sell't my neiper mear
A towmond syne, when horse wis gey an' dear;
Noo I maun rug 'langside a ducksie skate,
Fa jouks at a'thing, 'cep' at corn an' bait.

"The maister aince had thochts o' sellin' me,
An' wid hae daen't, but, saul, I'd nae agree;
The couper cam' an' rattled wi' his staff;
I reart an' scoolt, an' so that deal was aff.

"I micht hae gane, for a' the easedom here;
The times grow sair an' sairer ilka year;
'Twas better when I first begood the yoke;
The wark for ouks thegither wis a joke.

"The neepseed deen, me an' my chums an' pals
Wid shim a bit, or dander to the walls;
Till leadin' time oor lines were pleasant coost—
Nae mair to dae than keep oor jints fae roost.

"But noo there's cairtin' eerans evermair,
Coals for the engin'—fegs, it's unco sair—
Draff for the kye, an' milk for Aiberdeen,
An' nane for his peer beasts maks ony meen.

"Wi' tractions, motors, we get mony flegs;
They tie oor tails, an' we maun thole the glegs;
In hairst we're eident jist as at the seed,
Withoot the horse they cudna cut a reed.

"I win'er aften fat my granny 'd say
Gin she were back an' seein' things the day?
It maitters na, we'll hae to dee oor pairt,
Till roon' the neuk comes Johnny Gash's cairt." *

* Johnny Gash—a dealer in old horses.

THE DEEIN' PLOOMAN.

THE wind is soughin' sair, Jean;
It's greetin' for the sna,
The grun 'll seen be fleckit, Jean,
But I will be awa'.

We needna gar-believe, Jean;
There's things that winna hide.
I h'ard the knock last nicht, Jean;
I'll no get leave to bide.

I've pray'd an' wrastl'd hard, Jean,
But noo I maun be dumb;
His will's the best, my ain Jean;
My hinmost term his come.

It's thirty years the morn, Jean,
Sin' we cam' till Lairstane,
We thocht to leave thegither, Jean,
But I maun gyang my lane.

I've ploo'd my furrows fair, Jean,
An' ta'en my turn wi' a'.
The maister kent me stiffer, Jean,
But widna pit's awa'.

God plenish weel his sowl, Jean,
  An' keep his girnal fu';
He says ye winna wint, Jean,
  Tho' I am ta'en fae you.

The wind is soughin' waur, Jean;
  It's greetin' for the sna,
An' I am fairly deen, Jean,
  I've need to be awa'.

Gie me your grip, my ain Jean,
  I'm at the hinmost mile,
I'll need but ae lift mair, Jean,
  Oot owre the hinmost stile.

THE AUL' BEADLE.

I'VE cairriet the buiks for mony a year,
I've sortit the lichts an' swypit the fleer,
Seelenced the loons fin they made a minneer:
But my day is nearly deen.

My birn has been big, as ony can see
Wha kens I've haen chairge o' ministers three,
To mak' them ging straucht an' keep i' my e'e;
But my task is nearly deen.

Nae doot they did gweed—gat sowls for their hire—
An' weel they'll come oot o' the Jeedgment fire,
But fat 's awin' me they ne'er did inquire;
But oor pickthank days weer deen.

Nae eese for the poopit withoot the fowk,
An', wintin his man, the parson's a gowk,
Feckless on Sawbath, an' wull a' the owk;
He kens na a' I hae deen.

I'm jist at a back, but I'm nae to greet:
New-fanglet wyes, an' an aul-fashion't breet—
It's time 'at the stair kent swyppirter feet,
For mine, I am fin'in, 's deen.

The buiks hiv grown wechty sin' I began,
For hymnies are scraicht to the meesic-fan,
An' sma's mak' an odds till a dwebble man
Wha's elbick is nearly deen.

I kenna fa keeps the kirk abeen snod;
I'd like weel a job in yon Hoose o' God;
Gin He gie's the sign I'll jump at His nod,
An' gae on as I hae deen.

TIDE AND WIND.

I HAVE watch'd the strong Atlantic
  When the full spring-tide was due,
How it fought its way full bravely
  'Gainst the devil's blasts that blew.

It claim'd the bourne of its fathers,
  It must lap the distant dune,
And keep the rights of the ocean,
  And seal the might of the moon.

The Tide and the Wind encounter'd—
  They clash'd in a wild embrace;
'Twas the battle-grip of giants,
  But stay'd not the tidal pace.

Not long, by the clocks of Heaven,
  Did the roaring turmoil rage;
To me on the lonely foreland
  It seem'd an age and an age.

Till out from the white-hair'd breakers,
  Out of the brine and the dark,
There roll'd the shout of the victor—
  "Rejoice! I have reach'd the mark."

. . . . . .

I watch the surge of the ages,
  The tide of that human sea
Which counters and braves the hell-blasts,
  And my hopes come back to me.

Man! Not till the world is hoary
  Wilt thou reach the golden dune;
But the tides of God are in thee,
  Thy magnet above the moon.

THE FAREWELL OF AN EX-CAPTAIN.*

My name is Captain Ex,
And for years I walk'd the decks
Of the gallant, good old ship, *The Trinitie;*
I sign'd off with a sigh,
But let another try
How he can steer the *Trin.* across the sea.

In weather rough and wild,
In weather calm and mild,
I have headed her to Beulah's sunny shore;
If I e'er have left the track,
God's mercy will not lack,
Forgive me, for I'll touch the wheel no more.

We were a happy crew,
Tho' we had our battles, too,
'Board the good old ship, the gallant *Trinitie;*
But we fought our fights like men,
Then shook hands as mates again,
And we plough'd our way once more across the sea.

* On the occasion of the retirement of Rev. Andrew Doak, M.A., from the pastorate of Trinity Church, Aberdeen.

We'd changes evermore,
We'd changes glad and sore,
We have cried, and laugh'd, and sigh'd within an hour;
We rang the marriage bell,
We toll'd the funeral knell,
But we sailed our ship in sunshine and in shower.

"God speed the dear old bark!
God bless in light and dark!"
Is the prayer of Captain Ex, who sail'd the main;
Till He who keeps the log
In the land beyond the fog,
Shall call him to the captain's bridge again.

MAIR MEN!

SONS o' Scotlan'! Hardy Northmen!
Men o' breed, an' men o' brawn!
Hearken to yer country's priggin'!
Are ye deaf, or are ye thrawn?

Hear ye nae the guns a-boomin'
Nearer than ye've hard afore?
Nearer than sin Dutch invaaders
Sailed their ships to Britain's shore?

Hear ye nae the Kaiser's orders
Till his hordes o' savage loons—
"On to Calais! On to Dover!
Raze their hamesteads! Seck their toons!

"On to Lunnon!—hub o' empires,
Rich as Crœsus, blawn wi' pride—
Lat them hae the German *kultur*
That maun conquer far an' wide!"

Div ye hear him? Will ye lat him?
Min' ye, Scotlan's in his e'e,
An' the Teuton's hiv is liftet
To come doon on you an' me.

An' the touzle hings in balance,
  Tho' oor boys are fechtin' gran';
Hearken to yer pechin' brithers—
  "Scotlan', come an' gie's a han'!"

Men are wintet fae the Northlan',
  Men wi' shanks to weer the kilt,
Men wi' Bannockburn's memory,
  Men 'at winna warp nor wilt.

They are here in scores an' hunners,
  I' the trades, an' at the ploo;
Brithers! dinna squint at ithers,
  King an' country wag on *you*.

Drap the hemmer! Doon the shovel!
  Quit yer haud o' stilts an' rein!
Wash, an' turse, an' mak' yer bun'le!
  Wauken for the mornin' train!

Kiss yer mither tho' she's greetin',
  Prood is she for a' she's said!
Gin yer sweethert wiles to keep ye,
  That is nae a lass to wed.

Aff to trainin' for the shangie!
  Lat them see ye're nae a coord:
On to Dover! On to Calais!
  Kep the Kaiser! Brak his soord!

Ye may ne'er come back to Hamelan'—
  Hamelan' 'at ye loe sae weel—
Better deid than come to see her
  Wreathin' neth the Kaiser's heel.

Men o' Scotlan'! Hardy Northmen!
  Bleed o' Freedom in yer veins,
Hear yer grainin' country's priggin'!
  Save her fae the tyrant's chains!

THE FAIRMER'S FAREWEEL TO HIS COMMANDEERED NAG.

FAREWEEL! my bonny, trusty nag,
A shalt 'at's aften gart me brag,
An' made the tongues o' envy wag:
For ye maun gyang.

I've haed ye noo for towmons five,
I brak ye in to ride an' drive;
An' may ye dee as weel, an' thrive
In ither han's!

I cud deen wi' ye to the en',
An' tried to jouk the airmy men,
But fat thae billies dinna ken
They seen fin' oot.

I shanket it to sale an' kirk,
An' only teuk ye oot fin mirk;
But Moses' mither cudna quirk
Aul' Pharaoh's boys.

I sudna try to dodge the King,
Wi' Britain i' the deidly ring,
An' fechtin' grim wi' sic a bing
O' German fangs.

Sae, aff ye gyang to foreign airt;
I hinna loons to dee a pairt,
But oot wi' you I sen' my hert;
Gweed speed ye weel!

I'll think o' ye by nicht an' day,
In bivouac, an' i' the fray,
For you I'll howp, for you I'll pray
To Him 'at guairds.

I doot, my lass, 'twill be fair hell
'Mang sheeted flame, an' burstin' shell;
The tractions, motors o' oor dell
Ne'er flegged ye sae.

But min' the chiel 'at 's on yer back,
An' cairry him throu' reek an' rack,
An' lat him hae his sattlin' smack
At German thieves.

An' sud he get a stunnin' daud
That lays him i' the bleedy mud,
Ye'll try the fae wi' calker's thud,
An' haud yer ain.

An' gin they dee for you, my mear,
An' ate ye to their German beer,
I howp ye'll mak' their sausage dear,
An' nae disgeest.

But Gweed forbid 'at ye be pranned
By German trag in foreign land!
Na: ye'll be dancin' to the band
Doon Berlin's streets.

An' fin war cloods nae langer lower,
An' ye come back to rist an' cower,
I'll gie the price I gat twice ower
To mak' ye mine.

They sanna sell ye for a mairt,
Nor yet to fishman, if I'm spare't—
Oonless the Kaiser ca' the cairt:
An' that's my aith.

A GORDON I' THE TRENCHES.

I LISTET i' the Gordons, an' I left the braes o' Mar,
A file afore the Kaiser haed lat lowse his dogs o' war,
An' here I'm i' the trenches far there's death an' clour
an' scar,
An' guns droon the pipes i' the mornin'.

The day I teuk the shillin' wis a day o' greetin' e'en;
My mither grat fin packin' up my sarks an' sarkits
clean;
I kenna fat she'd thocht ava gin only she had seen
The mess I've been in nicht an' mornin'.

I aften think aboot her fin we dackle for a wee,
An' ilky nicht I say the prayer she leernt me at her
knee;
I win'er if the dear aul' lass again I'll ever see
Ca' the kye to the hill i' the mornin'.

I didna ken 'at Scotlan' haed gat sic a haud o' me,
An' that the fowk I aft misca'd wis gweed as gowd cud
be,
An' that the hamely Doric o' the bonny North Countree
Wis next till its brose i' the mornin'.

They say this kwintra's bonny, an' it's trowth I've seen
a waur,
But fat's her vine-clad slopes to me, 'at streetch oot
near an' far,
Aside my ain aul' Morven, an' my kingly Lochnagar
Takin' aff his kep i' the mornin'?

I like the froggy Frenchman, an' he's fechtin' teeth an'
nail,
But Och! he's nae a Scotty 'at thinks less o' grapes
than kail,
An' o' his *vous* an' *avez* I mak' nether heid nor tail,
I jist pit him aff wi' "Gweed mornin'."

But hearken! there's the bugle, an' the pipes 'll nae be
lang,
An' syne the screamin' shrapnel, an' the rifles' eerie
sang:
They're wintin's to gae forrit, an' the Gordons they will
gyang,
Tho' some o' 's 'll nae see the mornin'.

It isna wark for humans, an' it maks us deevils a':
Some day they'll seelence war drums, an' the martial
trumpet's blaw,
An' on this peer, illguidet warl a better day 'll daw;
'Twill seer be the mornin' o' mornin's.

MISSIN'.

I LOOKET for my laddie's name amo' the raws o' deid,
I looket ilka mornin' sair afore I cud brak' breid,
But nae a wird o' Jimmy, lad, for a' 'at I haed scanned,
He wisna 'mong the woun'et, nor the nabbet, nor the pranned.

But jist this day, afore I haed taen aff the pottage pot,
I ran my aul' e'en smertly ower a newlins printit lot,
An' there wis Jimmy Fraser—but, of coorse, 'twis printit "Jeams"—
I win'ert if I'd waukent, or wis still amo' my dreams.

I gya mysel a gey bit nip to ken gin I was up;
I micht 'a' kent withoot it fae the soorness o' my cup,
For it's aye been maist in dreamin' oors that I hiv haed the sweet,
An' fin I hiv been waukent that the warl's gart me greet.

My loon's amo' the missin', as are ither mither's sons,
He hisna answered roll-ca' sin the coorse stramash at Mons:
The Lord Almichty pit His han' upon this tremlin' hert!
For gin He dinna stan' by me my rizzon 'll depairt.

My laddie he is missin' far it's better to be deid,
He's missin' far there's butchers 'at 'll niver stanch his bleed,
He's missin' far the pillow's but a steen or divot caul,
An' far to hoose or shelter he may nether tramp nor crawl.

I cud 'a' better tholet the news 'at he had fair been killed,
Or that he wis a patient o' the nurse an' surgeon skilled,
Or herdit i' the prison-faul far ithers tak' their chance;
But tint to a' that's peetifu' amo' the wids o' France!

It's mair than my aul' hert can bide; an' till my short day's run,
There's something in my breist predicks my lad 'll nae be fun',
But maybe fin the peace has dawed, an' efter mony meens,
Some forester or hunter may come upo' Jimmy's beens.

An' that's the war an' glory 'at the hoochin' crowds 'll cheer,
An' poet billies sing aboot, an' claithe in fause veneer!
But spier at Scottish mithers if ye wint it's ain grim name,
Wha look for loons they've rocket 'at 'll ne'er again come hame.

"Missin'"! Jimmy, "missin'"! but they wistna fat
they print,
Nane but a mither's herriet hert kens fin a laddie's
tint;
But maybe I will fin' ye at the roll-ca' yont the stars,
An' hear ye answer blithely far there are nae guns nor
wars.

A WIRD TO UNCLE SAM.

I WINT a wird wi' you, Sam,
  Gin ye've a lug for me;
Ye like to gab yersel, Sam,
  An' say fat *we* sud dee.

But I've a craw to pluck, Sam,
  Wi' you 'at rowles the West,
An' cracks sae big 'boot Richt, Sam,
  An' Freedom, an' the rest.

Fatever did ye mean, Sam,
  Fin ye pat doon yer aith
That Belgium binna touch't, Sam,
  That nane maun dee her skaith?

But fat's the fac the day, Sam?—
  Nae need for me to tell;
The Huns hae broken throu', Sam,
  The Little Lan' 's a hell!

The king an' queen's adrift, Sam,
  An' oot o' hoose an' ha'!
The capital is taen, Sam,
  The Government awa!

Haill toons are ca'd to spunks, Sam,
  An' little clachans dear!
The grun it is unvrocht, Sam,
  Nae hairst, I doot, the year!

The hameless, hunted fowk, Sam,
  Are beggin' bed an' breid!
The mithers an' the weans, Sam,
  Are cryin' for their deid!

But nae a cheep fae you, Sam,
  Excep' aboot yer trade!
Na, nae a kick at them, Sam,
  'At brak' the bargain made!

Ye've heid an' temper keept, Sam,
  Fin ithers tint them baith;
The futur' 'll think maist, Sam,
  O' them 'at keept their aith.

Ye've blaudet sair yer name, Sam,
  It will be ill to dicht;
Yer copper an' yer ships, Sam,
  Are mair to you than Richt.

Ye think that ye'll come in, Sam,
  Fin hurly-burly's owre,
That ye'll redd up the soss, Sam,
  Fin stricks the sattlin' hour.

But ye'll get a begeck, Sam,
  Or I'm mistaen a wee;
A dollar-chasin' Yank, Sam,
  Sall never umpire me.

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

"SOMEWHERE in France"; it is a' I can get
  Fae the billies that ken o' my loon;
"Somewhere in France"; gin they'd only tell's far,
  I wid pairt wi' my hinmost half-croon.

"Somewhere in France" he is fechtin' the day;
  He is fechtin' for Britain an' richt,
God wi' his conscience an' nervin' his airm,
  An' wi' hell in his hearin' an' sicht.

"Somewhere in France" he is thinkin' o' hame,
  Fin the bullets an' shalls lat him be,
Dreamin' o' Scotlan', an' seein' the glen,
  An' the hamestead, his fader, an' me.

"Somewhere in France" I am dootin' he'll fa',
  For the oolet's been hootin' owre near,
An' siccan a dream on Monanday laist!
  It waukent me sweatin' wi' fear.

"Somewhere in France" I may seen hae a grave—
  It is a' that I'll get fae the war;
Mithers o' Scotlan'! fat mair'll be yours
  Than a grave, an' a greet, an' hert-scar?

"Somewhere in France": oh, the weary refrain!
An' it's naething like fat mithers need:
"Somewhere" 's a mock fin we're hung'rin' to ken
Far oor laddies are, livin' or deid.

"Somewhere in France": but they winna bleck God,
For He sees far they've pitten oor loons,
An' He'll bring thegither ilk mither an' son
Fin the trumpet o' destiny soons.

THE TIGER O' POTSDAM.

A TIGER dwall't in Potsdam cave,
They ca'd him Weelum,
An' he did ramp, an' he did rave;
An' never wis a bigger knave
Than Weelum.

There wisna bleed aneuch at hame
For droothy Weelum,
Sae oot he set for farrer game,
By ony sleekit trick or skaim—
Did Weelum.

He legget Wast, he legget East—
Swack, ready Weelum;
He mang'd to hae a John Bull feast,
An' syne the Bear o' Rooshia neist—
Smert Weelum!

But East an' Wast wis less than fun
To ettlin Weelum;
They widna be his huntin' grun,
Nor yield their place aneth the sun
To Weelum.

He cudna mak' it oot ava—
Disgruntled Weelum;
Hoo they sud gi'e him cla' for cla',
An' nae jump doon the comfy maw
O' Weelum.

An' sae he gurred an' mauled at lairge—
Rampagin Weelum;
At kirks an' bairns he made a chairge,
An' a' wi' faem an' bleed did spairge—
Mad Weelum!

The countries roon he fair did roose—
This hell-hun Weelum;
They vowed they widna rist nor snooze
Oontill they gied a malagruze
To Weelum.

But fegs! 'twis kittle wark to catch
The wily Weelum;
An' files the mongrel' huntin' batch
Misdootit gin they war a match
For Weelum.

But—nae to mak' my story lang
'Boot slinkin' Weelum—
They gat at him, fair deen, a whang,
An' in upon him lap the thrang;
Oh, Weelum!

They've pat him in an iron cage—
Wild, warstlin' Weelum,
Far he can cultivaate his rage,
Oontill the huntsman o' aul' age
Bags Weelum.

So there he sits wi' cla's weel pared—
The dapper Weelum,
A saxpence sicht for laird an' caird,
Wha think the doom an' tin weel-wared
On Weelum.

WEELUM ON HIS ALLIES—ESPEESHIALLY ANE.

THE Lord an' me hae lang been freens,
  Thegither rowled the reest—
A pairtnership that's been my pride,
  A boon to man an' beast.

'Twid mak' a muckle odds to me
  Gin something cam' atween's,
An' mair to Him if we sud split,
  An' be nae langer freens.

But if the trowth his to be taul,
  My Allies mak' me sick;
Aul' Francie Joe's turned oot a fraud,
  The Turk's a bloomin' swick.

An' gin the Freen I've coontit on,
  An' laudet evermair—
The Freen that wis my Granda's chum,
  An' blessed his aul' grey hair—

Disna buck up an' gie's a han'
  Wi' this fell fechtin' grim,
It's up wi' me, an' seer as ocht,
  'Twill be the waur for Him.

I've apened kirks in royal style,
  An' made a holy stir,
I've aiven taen the poopit files,
  An' preached wi' verve an' birr.

Fat tho' the sermons warna mine—
  That disna mak' a jot;
I overhauled the manuscript
  To see it wisna rot.

The Socialists an' Democrats,
  An' sicklike orra trock,
The scoffers at my Richt Divine,
  Hae fun' the mailed fist's knock.

But yet my game is hingin' fire,
  Altho' I daurna say't;
That Pairis projeck's up a close—
  They've fairly steekt that gate.

An' aye the trains come grainin in
  Wi' wounet fae the fronts;
The fowk are yellin' 'boot their deid;
  I'm deavet wi' growls an' grunts.

I hiv to tell a hunner lees
  Far fifety did afore,
An' sen' my Auntie telegrams
  Wi' whappers by the score.

An' I expecket ither things!
  I think they are my due,
For I hiv aye uphauden Him,
  An' He sud back me noo.

But gin He lats me to the wa',
  An' lats them tak' my croon,
There's mair than me 'll ken fat for,
  An' mair than me come doon.

It's taen us baith to rin the warl—
  An' I've haed maist to dee—
An' gin He lats them knock me oot,
  The haill thing gyangs agee.

He'll seer tak' tent as lang's there's time,
  An' help to brak' the ring,
He'll seerly hear the warnin' wird
  O' William, Emperor, King.

THE KAISER'S GARTENS.

"The King strikes off the Roll of the Order of the Garter the Kaiser, the Crown Prince of Germany, and other enemies."—*Daily Press.*

I READ it owre an' owre again
  Afore I made it oot;
'Twis only wi' the sneeshin mull
  I gat it, wintin' doot.

The Kaiser an' some ither skunks
  Haed come for gartens here
To tie their Teuton shanks, blawn up
  Wi' sausages an' beer.

"The Order o' the Garter!" Fegs!
  It made my bleed rin het
That, at their sornin' orders, we
  Wove gartens for the set.

There's wirsit, seer, in Sausage-Lan',
  An' Fraus 'at ken the weers;
Their wark is mair than gweed aneuch
  For thae blue-bleedit leears.

I'm gled oor King has taen't in han',
  An' stapp't the senseless game,
An' tell't his wife an' dother baith—
  Their wyvin' is for hame.

"Nae mair to Bill o' Potsdam, dears,
  Sall we sen' claes again,
Nae ev'n a tatie-boodie's togs
  To kep the snaw an' rain.

"The jilin'-fowk 'll gie him duds,
  Far he's to en' his days,
An' far he'll gyang fin a' is deen
  'Twill be owre het for claes.

"There's jist ae order ye can beuk
  For that confoonit fang—
An order for a hempen rape:
  An' min' ye mak' it strang."

Weel deen, King George! Ye're fairly richt
  To redd yersel' o' trock:
An' ne'er may ye a garten wint,
  A stockin', nor a sock.

THE POTSDAM ROUP.

In buzness in a muckle wye
  Wis Bill o' Potsdam fame,
In East an' Wast, in North an' Sooth,
  The traders kent his name.

His aagents war in ilky lan',
  His ships on ilky sea,
In ilky shop his gimcrack waares,
  Signed, "Made in Germanie."

But Bill cud nae lat weel aleen,
  Tho' scoopin' in the tin,
An' he pit oot his fit sae far,
  He cudna tak' it in.

He ventered on a dafty's spec,
  An' fairly gat a coup;
His creditors they saul him up;
  An' a' gaed to the roup.

Ay, British birkies, Frenchies, Japs,
  War biddin' roon' the ring,
An' Rooshians, Belgians, Chinamen,
  War heapin' up the bing.

I saw some Yanks wi' goaties' beards—
  They looket spry an' slick;
An' Portuguese, an' Dutch, an' Danes;
  Italians needin' tick;

An' ithers 'at I cudna name,
  Altho' ye war to speir,
Fu' keerious, an' gleg, an' glib,
  Aroon' the unctioneer.

There wisna ony lan' to sell,
  Tho' some war fain to get,
The creditors—sae I was taul'—
  Haed collared it for debt.

Bit ither things galore war saul,
  Fae motors till a preen,
Fae bankrup' Wullie's moustache kaim
  To roostin' submarine.

A fist aince mailed, noo bare an' peeled,
  Brocht only three bawbees;
The pen that vrat aul' Kruger's 'gram,
  An' only cud vreet lees,

Wis knocket oot for auchteenpence—
  I thocht it byous dear;
A Turk wis needin' 't for his skweel
  O' German modern lear.

An' iron crosses fae a stock
  That wis fell nearly deen—
A Buchan brookie bocht the lot
  For makin' shalties' sheen.

Some saabres, that haed rattled lood
  For mair than forty years,
War snappit up by twa aul' wives
  'At wintet stockin' weers.

But efter that I cam' awa;
  I haedna bocht a rap,
But Wullie's aumrie wis fair teem,
  An' I wis growin' yap.

I haedna seen swank Bill ava,
  Nae mair than taste his breid,
Bit I hiv aften hard sin syne
  That he's in Peterheid.*

* Where there is a convict prison.

THE TIFF, AN' EFTER.

AFORE he gaed across to France
  My man an' me haed wirds,
An' gin the trowth has to be kent,
  The scashle cam' to dirds.

He tell't me as he slammed the door,
  An' oot upo' the bung,
He didna wint to see 's again,
  Nor hear my ill-hung tongue.

But months an' miles they cheeng'd his tune,
  An' I haed fae Chapelle
Sic letters as he eesed to sen'
  Fin we were beau an' belle.

An' never for an answer back
  Haed he to wait a file,
An' aye the ink wi' which I vrat
  Wis honey sweet an' ile.

Ae day an unco letter cam',
  'At wisna in his vreet,
My hert gaed dunt, my han's did shak',
  My e'en war like to greet.

He wisna killed—the Lord be praised!
  For trogs! I gat a scare—
But sae missaucred 'boot the heid,
  He'd hear nor speak nae mair.

I met him at the sodgers' train,
  'Mang wing'd, an' blin', an' lame,
I kissed him owre an' owre again,
  An' syne I brocht him hame.

  I'm wae to see him strainin' lugs
  That winna dee their wark,
An' warstlin' wi' a blastet tongue
  As dumb's his flannen sark.

He'll never hear my ill-hung tongue
  File we're abeen the sod,
But he sall ken it's better hung
  Fin we gyang hame to God.

Oh, sirs, tak' tent afore it's late
  An' min' yer teens an' tongues,
Ye'll think upo' the whack we've gat,
  An' hae nae tiffs an' bungs.

THE MAVIS AN' ME.

A MAVIS sang on a leafless brinch,
  An' 'twas only Can'lemas Day:
The win' wis snell, an' he haed nae mate:
  But I sensed the drift o' his lay.

He wis thinkin' lang for spring sunsheen,
  An' for love, an' the bieldy nest,
An' eident oors for a wife an' weans,
  An' for grub galore o' the best.

He 'd aft been caul i' the sleet an' dark,
  An' his crap haed been aften teem,
But he mindet last year's spring an' hairst,
  An' the neist war his sang an' dream.

The mavis lilt it gaed roon my hert,
  An' my conscience it strack wi' micht;
I turned awa' fae the shadows grim,
  An' frontet the Howp an' the Licht.

Oh, waesome months hae they been to me!
  Oh, doolsome to young an' to aul'!
Oh, ne'er war the days an' nichts sae lang!
  Nor wis ever the frost sae caul.

I ken the bite o' the snas o' France,
  An' the rime, an' the clorty glaur;
I hear the guns i' my bed at hame,
  For I've flesh an' bleed i' the war.

But spring will come i' the Lord's ain time,
  An' the oorie days 'll gyang by,
An' Peace creep back fae her exile far,
  An' Love we've gart greet, fae the sky.

Sae the mavis mauna sing his leen,
  Fin there's licht on the hills for me,
Sae I'll tune my throat, tho' it's winter yet,
  An' herald the day that's to be.

AHAB, JEZEBEL, AND ELIJAH.

I DINNA think he'd been sae coorse as some wid mak' him oot,
Had no the wife he mairriet been a domineerin' scoot;
She twistet him an' twined him roon her finger like a ring;
He cudna ca' his niz his ain, altho' he wis a king.

Her fader wis a heathen lord ayont the Promised Lan',
An' keep't a swarm o' sornin' priests aboot his hoose an' han';
His dother she took efter him, an' lik't the heathen horde,
She haed them by the hunner, tee, providin' bed an' board.

The only ane that contered her, an' gart the randy squirm,
Blackguairded a' the heathen tribe, an' for the Lord steed firm,
Wis him they ca'd the Tishbite, fae the East o' Jordan's howe,
A man wham that maroonjus wife cud never mak' to bow.

Ae day he sent a challenge to the umman an' her men,
That she shud pit them forrit—an' he trystit whaur an' when;
Syne lat them pruve in sicht o' a', on Carmel's saacred sod,
Which side wis wirth uphaudin', ay, an' wha wis Michty God.

The rinnins o' the shirrameer, an' hoo it a' fell oot,
The solemn fun the Tishbite gat, ye ken, I dinna doot,
You've twigged the prophet's quateness, an' you've h'ard the heathens' yell:
The priests did get their farin'—tho' they ne'er gaed hame to tell.

My! wisna there a strushie fin her husband brak' the news!
An' didna a' the palace ken that day she wore the trews!
She sent a threet'nin' message to the Prophet i' the rain:
He skirtit for a filie, but seen teuk himsel' again.

But nocht wid cure my leddy o' her heathen, hellish wyes,
Nor turn her to Jehovah-God who made the earth an' skies;
She primed her man wi' mischief, an' she gart him play the game,
An' fat wis smuchterin in his he'rt she blew intil a flame.

He cuist his greedy e'e upon a yaird a neebour haed,
An' 'cause the man wid no excamb, nor sell, he teuk to bed;
His wife wid nae be bleckit, an' she swore they'd hae the yaird;
She got the neebour steened to death, an' made her husband laird.

The Tishbite h'ard aboot it, an' he hurried doon the hill,
He strade into the gairden fair whause owner they did kill,
He haed it oot wi' him 'at claimed the bit o' stowen lan',
An' tell't fat he an' his wid get fae God Almichty's han'.

"Yer wife an' you hae gane yer lengths in wicket plot an' deed,
In compassin' yer shamefu' en's ye hinna stuck at bleed;
My God'll seer blot oot yer hoose, for noo His airm is bare,
An' at the dichtin o' the mess the dogs 'll hae a share."

The king wis scared oot o' his wits, an' said he haed deen vrang,
An' He 'at answers penitence defarred the en' sae lang;
But God wid hae His warl clean in East, Wast, Sooth, an' North,
An' fin the oor for swypin' strak He sent His scaffies forth.

NAAMAN;

Or, The Leprous Captain.

The captain o' the airmy, an' his maister's muckle man—
The maister widna ging to kirk excep' he heeld his han'—
The fleg o' a' the neebours, but the stan'-by o' his lan':
Sodger Naaman!

But och! there wis a tribbler that the sodger cudna fecht,
'Twis sornin' on his vitals, it wis weerin' doon his wecht,
An' at the sma'est bicker hoo he wiltit an' he pecht!
Leprous Naaman!

The doctors o' his kwintra for their captain cud dee nocht,
For he their skeel an' medicines wi' precious gowd haed bocht,
An' nae an inch the nearer to the cure he sairly socht;
Deein' Naaman!

The captain haed a servan' lass he stealt fae hoose an' hame,
She tellt them 'boot the prophet o' the lan' fae which she came;
Jehovah gied him skeel to cure the lepers, blin', an' lame:
Howpfu' Naaman!

Wi' kerridges an' cooncillors, wi' flunkies an' wi' tin,
He roadit for the man wha'd cure his rottin' flesh an' skin;
They knockit at the prophet's door; war tellt that he was in:
Lucky Naaman!

"Noo seerly he'll come oot an' see fa's needin' him the day—
The captain o' an airmy, an' the hero o' the fray!
He'll cure me wi' a fleerish he denies to common clay":
Lordly Naaman!

The prophet didna budge a fit to meet the michty man,
But sat still in his chaumer fin anither wid hae ran;
Sent wird to try the water that gaed throu' their little lan':
Slichtit Naaman!

My cert! there wis an ootbrak, ay, an' wirds I daurna
print;
The prophet got his character in langidge wintin' stint;
The horses' heids war turned aboot: he vowed he'd
hameward sprint:
Angry Naaman!

"To jist sen' wird for me to baathe in Israel's muddy
stank!—
It's naething mair aside OOR streams—the man's a
rogue or crank;
I tell you I will ne'er come doon to try sic eeseless
prank":
Sulky Naaman!

But they that war aboot him kent his tigs an' tantrums
weel,
An' rizzont wi' him quately till his wrath begood to
queel,
Syne moyent him to the waters 'at the prophet said
wid heal:
Thrawn Naaman!

He dook't as he wis bidden till his bleed ran fresh an'
clean,
His skin cam' saft an' bonny as a mither's ten'er wean,
He fan' himsel' a better man than ever he had been:
Happy Naaman!

An' noo he blessed the prophet wha afore he cud but
curse,
An' gallop't back to gie him gowd oot o' his weel-lined
purse,
An' tell him that he took his God for better or for
worse:
Thankfu' Naaman!

But little did he ken the man 'at tellt him fat to dee,
As little did he ken the God whause captain he wid be:
They twa cud wirk their wark withoot the bribe o'
gowden fee:
Win'rin' Naaman!

The best we get we canna buy: my freen, it's nae for
sale;
Pooch pride an' tak' God's mercy that'll seerly mak'
ye hale,
The mercy that made weel the faamous captain o' oor
tale—
Blessed Naaman!

THE BALLAD OF HAMAN.

(Book of Esther.)

Prood Haman sat in his lordly ha',
  An' drank o' the purple wine;
Big freens war there, an' a gless for a',
  An' ane for his leddy fine.

He bragg'd an' blew fit to tirr a kirk
  'Boot his sins an' dothers braw,
He shook his purse wi' a meanin' smirk—
  Nae cock but him shud craw!

"Heid-deester I i' this michty lan',
  Far ben wi' my king an' queen,
Naething gyangs forrit withoot my han',
  An' naething gyangs back, I ween.

"Last nicht the queen had a pairty swell—
  Hersel', an' her lord, an' me—
There's a shine the morn if a' gings well,
  For only the fawvourt three."

But a' his brag had a crowpy souch,
  A wicket licht in his e'e;
Gweed help the man wha at Haman leuch,
  Or wi' him had taen the gee!

But there was ane 'at had daur'd his bite
  The chiel that did keep the yett–
For Haman's coach he caredna a dite,
  Ne'er a salaam did he get.

" What will I dee to the sanshach skunk
  Wha refeeses me respeck?"
" Gie him a taste o' the hangman's hank,
  And rax the lith in his neck!"

The wife an' freens they did reeze their plan,
  An' the wrichts were set to wark,
The gallows rase in a clap o' han',
  For they vrocht in licht an' mark.

But fa did swing on the wuddy's rape
  Let the auncient story tell;
Nae him 'at refeesed to lift his kep;
  It was Haman's michty sel'!

I hae seen the like, for I've aften watch'd—
  The Almichty's in't, they say—
The biter bit, an' the trapper catch'd
  I' the girn he set for's fae.

You're no to herbour a deevil's hert,
  You're no to tak' up wi' spite,
You're no to plot anither's desert,
  As if his was a' the wite.

Pit oot the lirks o' your sulky broo,
  Lat us see the sheen o' love;
Wha's mair deservin' a sclaff than you!
  Ay, a clour withoot the glove!

Big gallow's beams till they touch the meen,
  Howk a pit as deep as hell—
It's only a heicher showd, my freen,
  A farrer fa' for yoursel'.

THE PRIESTS AND THE SAMARITAN.

He cam' doon "The Bluidy Highway" i' the bonny simmer rays,
Nae a thocht o' thieves or robbers in his heid:
Ere he kent they had his siller; ay, they pilk'd his vera claes,
An' belaubir't him, an' left him there for deid.

But there's surely help a-comin', for there's priests upo' the road—
They've been up at the cathedral at their wark:
They are fu' o' love an' peety fae the holy Hoose o' God,
An' they winna leave a brither bash'd an' stark?

They cud hear the waefu' grainin', they cud see the vratch's plicht,
But they stappit ower the trinkies rinnin' red,
For they needit to be hame afore the fa'in' o' the nicht
To hae pray'rs wi' wife an' bairnies ere they'd bed.

"An', forbye, the scoon'ral robbers micht be hidin' near at han',
They mith clour oor sculls, an' filch oor hard-won tin:

There are ithers on the road, nae doot, 'at can befreen
the man,
We had better tuck oor flappin' goons an' rin."

He wis nether priest nor parson that cam' ridin' doon
his lane,
But he jumpit fae the saidle in a clap,
Syne he baath'd an' bun the haggers—some were gapin'
to the bane—
Nor for robbers i' the gulley cared a rap.

"Na, he isna o' my kwintra, an' he isna o' my kirk,
He wid ban me, he wid kyaard me gin he kent,
But for a' that he's a brither, an' I widna leave a stirk
I' the thraws o' threet'nin' death an' nae tak' tent.

So he took him in his oxter, an' he pat him on his hack,
An' they creepit doon the wye as far's the inn:
"Noo, my lan'lord, ye'll tak' chairge until his wits an'
pith come back;
Here's the siller: keep him quate—awa' fae din.

"It'll maybe be a filie ere he's richt aboot the heid,
For the rascals they hae fairly crack'd his croon;
But ye winna hain the siller, an' ye'll gie him fat he'll
need,
An' I'll squaar wi' you when next I'm on the roon."

Oh, the Maister spak' aboot it—the great Maister fae
the skies;
An' as lang's there's rinnin' streams, an' forest leaves,
Thae twa priests 'll get their dixie, an' this man 'll get
the prize—
He was freen to him 'at fell amo' the thieves.

THE MAISTER, THE PHARISEE, AN' THE WOMAN.

(Luke vii. 36-48.)

SQUIRE SIMON wis a muckle man
  Baith in the kirk an' toon,
An' bade up i' the muckle hoose
  Near to the city's boun.

He did the honours o' the place,
  An' thocht he did them weel;
His denner an' his supper spreads
  War leebral an' genteel.

Fin ony ane cam' in the gate
  Wi' siller or wi' fame,
The magnate wisna lang afore
  He haed them at his hame.

An' sae fin He o' Galilee
  Wis seen upo' the street,
The muckle man strauchtwye resolved
  To gie Him an inveet.

"We'll hae Him up the morn's nicht,"
He said to his gweedwife;
"Fa kens fat He'll turn oot to be?
Sic chances are na rife.

"Fin I gyang doon the toon the day
I'll tryst to meet Him here
Some pious cronies o' oor kirk;
We'll size Him up, my dear."

The Prophet cam' withoot demur,
Wi' twal as peer's Himsel;
The flunkies turned their noses up,
An' whisked the swalla-tail.

An' ane cam' in wi' dragglet claes,
Wi' mair than dragglet soul;
She 'd kent ower weel the city's howffs,
An' taen the deevil's toll.

Ae day she h'ard prood Simon's Guest;
He spak' to her her leen,
An' kenlet in her fousome hert
A lowe that made it clean.

An' never fin she haed the chance,
Cud she keep fae His sicht;
An' that wis foo she creepit in
To Simon's hoose that nicht.

Aneth her tatter'd shawl wis scent
  To baathe His blessed feet,
But mair cam' fae her gratefu' e'en,
  For she begood to greet.

She lowsed her lang an' touzlet hair
  To dicht the draps that fell,
She kissed His feet for vera joy
  That she'd won oot o' hell.

But Simon thocht na muckle o't,
  An' scool't wi' a' his face:
" Gin this man war fat people say
  He'd shoo her fae the place."

The Prophet fine cud read his thocht,
  An' dippet him upon 't,
An' gart his host lay doon his speen,
  File He gied him this dunt:—

" Twa men war owre the lugs in debt,
  Ane hunners, an' ane mair;
The creditor forgya them baith:
  Whilk haed maist thanks to ware?

" ' The man that awed the maist '? Ye're richt.
  Noo hearken unto Me:
This lass, fae love, has sweetly deen
  Fat ye refeesed to dee.

"Ye warna aiven ceevil, sir;
  Nae water for My feet,
Nae ointment for My weary heid,
  Nor kiss o' welcome meet.

"But she's gien a', an' wi' her hert,
  Because she kent her debt,
An' Fa it wis that blot it oot,
  An' shawed the richteous gate.

"*She* 's deen the honours o' the hoose
  An' nae the laird an' host;
For love will aye dee mair than pelf,
  An' wintin pride or boast.

"Gin ye but kent hoo much ye awe,
  That God haed scored it oot,
Ye widna win'er at this lass,
  But raither follow suit.

"Gweed-bye, my woman. Gyang in peace,
  Ye've loved an' trusted me;
Yer love an' faith hiv made ye hale,
  An' Heaven 's in front o' ye."

THE PRODIGAL SON;
Or, The Laddie That Gaed Wrang.

A MUCKLE fairmer haed twa loons,
  But ane gaed throu' the bows,
An' dealt the aul' man mony stoons
  Wi' tigs, an' drink, an' rows.

An' to get better oot his heid,
  An' hae his wicket fling,
He gart his fader sign a deed
  That gied him half the bing.

Syne did he scoot, an' banged the door,
  An' owre the dales an' hills,
To howffs an' scamps he'd kent afore,
  To ill-faured wark that kills.

At heck an' manger he gaed on,
  Forgat his hame an' ha',
Connacht mony a midder's son,
  For coorseness beat them a'.

But things gae deen, baith pith an' pence,
  Wi' him 'at never guides,
An' this peer vratch 'at wintit sense,
  Noo wintit a' besides.

The siller gane, his freens grew fyow,
  Rags flappit on his beens,
He rase a' dreepin' wi' the dyow
  Fae bed o' funs an' steens.

Ill-cled, fair runtit, yappy, sair
  Wi' mony scarts an' thuds,
He prigget, till he cud nae mair,
  For breid, a job, an' duds.

Ae day a chiel did peety shaw,
  An' gya him swine tae hird,
An' fain wad he hae fullt his maw
  Wi' maet for beast an' bird.

Fae troch to troch he hirplet roon,
  For hert an' queets war lame;
"Gweed help me! for I'm far, far doon:"
  An' then he thocht o' hame.

"Ahin yon hills my fader bides,
  Aneuch aye there for a';
There man an' beast hae thrivin' hides,
  A heapit caup an' sta'.

"I'll chanc't tho' I've kick't owre the theat,
  Tho' taes teet throu' my shee,
Gin he'll no gie's a parlour seat,
  A chaumer han' I'll be."

Wi' that he rase an' cam' awa',
  An' scushlet owre the miles,
Till, pechin', at lang length he saw
  His fader's parks and stiles.

He lap the burn o' guddlin' years,
  An' up the rigs he'd ploo'd;
The lums o' hame brocht scaumin' tears;
  He fairly grat alood.

But, hearken! there's the collie's bark,
  An' that's the aul' man's swing;
He'd seen him i' the farrest park,
  An' gart the staffy fling.

Wi' noo a spang, an' files a rin,
  As if at fire's alairms:
A jiffy—an' his greetin' sin
  Was sabbin' in his airms.

"O, fader, I've deen wrang,"—but mair
  The laddie mauna speak;
Fat need ava o' ither prayer
  Than that begrutten cheek?

"I ken fat ye wad say, my boy,
  I see it in your e'en;
But nocht sall be the day but joy,
  The wrang is a' forgi'en.

"Lat's to the toon wi' kibble feet,
  An' kill the fattest steer;
We'll turn the soorness into sweet,
  For dool we will hae cheer.

"We'll wag the ploomen fae the yoke,
  The shepherds fae the braes,
An' ilky ane 'll cast his smock
  An' don his brawest claes.

"We'll gaither a' the kwintra side,
  Oor freens o' a' degree;
For ye've come back wi' me to bide,
  An' full't my cup wi' glee."

An' that is Heaven's Fader, men,
  The trowth the Christ brocht new.
He traivell't here that ye micht ken
  Hoo God 'll dae wi' you.

O, peer, far wan'ert, waistrel chaps,
  He's leukin' doon the road:
He'll see you on the farrest knaps:
  Come ye yer wa's to God.

THE ELDER BRITHER;

Or, The Brither That Wisna Britherly.

The auler loon was cuttin' sprots
  Oot by the mairchin' burn,
For there war nae mislippent jots
  Fin he cud tak' his turn.

When he cam' in by to the toon,
  An' h'ard the michty splore,
He asket o' the strapper loon
  'At hearkent at the door,

Fat a' the din an' hoochs cud mean?
  He tell't a' in a crack—
Wi' lauchin' mou an' sheenin' e'en—
  Aboot the comin' back.

"Yer fader's nae to haud nor bin,
  An', loshins, fat a spree!
Ye'll turse yersel an' gyang richt in,
  A gledsome sicht ye'll see."

'Twas news he didna like to hear,
  A clood cam' ower his broo;
The noisy lot he'd nae gae near,
  Nor touch their broth an' stew.

His fader prigget wi' him sair,
  But he was on the bung;
He widna stan't! it wisna fair!
  His brither wis a slung!

"But yet fin he comes skulkin' here,
  Ye kill the bonny mert.
Tho's siller's waurt on vice an' beer,
  Ye tak' him to yer hert.

"Lang I've been wi' ye, oot an' in,
  Been eident late an' air;
I've haint the siller, rais't nae din,
  Nor plantit ae grey hair.

"An' a' for fat? I dinna ken:
  For naething worth a preen;
Nae ev'n a weary bantin hen
  To feast a chum or freen."

His wirds war like a serpent's stang:
  The aul' man's smile took flicht;
He kent he had AE son gae wrang,
  The ITHER wisna richt.

"Oh, laddie, dinna speak like that,
  An' spile the day for a',—
A day for mirth an' mirth's ootlat,
  An' nae for sulks ava.

"Ay, ye've been wi's in shooer an' shine,
  An' never left the nest;
Ye've haed the rin o' a' that's mine,
  But hinna choiced the best.

"O' meat an' drink ye've had yer share,
  O' siller ta'en yer pairt;
Ye've aye atten't the faimly prayer;
  Ye've nae the faimly hert.

"Fat shud ye thraw yer mou aboot?
  A brither's but a name
'At fain wad keep anither oot
  That's wintin to come hame.

"Gin iver onything was richt,
  An' onything was mean,
They're here in fat I've deen the nicht,
  In fat ye hinna deen."

O Heaven, pit on me Thy seal,
  Gie me the muckle hert;
Be mair to me my brither's weal
  Than my bit place an' pairt.

I'd welcome wan'ert anes tho', 'deed,
  They'll get mair claps than me,
An' pruve mysel' a freen o' Gweed,
  An' nae a Pharisee.

ZACCHEUS;

Or, The Little Taxman.

The news it spread like wildfire,
'Twas kent to lass an' loon,
The Prophet fae the north shire
Wis comin' to the toon.

They spak' o't at the hearthsteen,
In bourachs i' the street,
The closes said, "It's *oor* Freen;"
For joy the sick did greet.

The croods began to gaither,
An' fester ran their bleed,
A' smiled to ane anither,
Excep' the unco gweed.

The taxman lock't his coffers,
An' said the clerks micht gyang:
They didna need twa offers,
But oot an' jined the thrang.

Their maister took the bywyes,
An' quick wis i' the steer,
An' seen he h'ard the gled cries—
"The Rabbi's nearly here."

But hoo see ower the crood's back
  Fin stature is but laich?
He speeled up till a tree's glack,
  An' waitit in a pech.

The Prophet trampit slowly,
  An' gracious was His mien;
Wi' lordly step, yet lowly,
  Wi' kind yet searchin' e'en.

He saw an' didna swither,
  But hailed the little man—
"I'm lookin' for ye, brither,
  Come doon as fest's ye can.

"I'm nae gyaan ony farder,
  I'm bidin' here the day,
I'll tax yer love an' larder;
  Come doon withoot delay."

Sae airm in airm they linkit,
  An' wastward took the road;
The taxman mithna think it,
  But he wis aff to God.

The angels stopped their harpin',
  An' eager look't on him,
The unco gweed war carpin',
  An' glower'd wi' faces grim.

"An' that's the Prophet faamous,
  That a' the toon did dra',
Awa' to tak' an awmous
  Fae him we a' misca'!"

The twa they never dacklet,
  Nor ever lookit roon',
An' reached, wi' love weel shacklet,
  The wast en' o' the toon.

The wife she tell't her tribbles,
  The hate she had to dree,
The youngsters shawed their gibbles,
  An' clamb the Stranger's knee.

Far throu' the nicht colloguin',
  Sat taxman an' his Guest;
The wirkin' fowk war joggin'
  Afore they socht their rest.

But a' that wis taen throu' han',
  An' a' that they did say,
We'll never ken in this lan';
  We'll maybe ken some day.

But this is nae a fable-
  Ye never truer read–
That at the brakfast table,
  The taxman rase an' said:

"O Lord, but I've been greedy—
  It's trowth the neebours say—
Oonfair to bien an' needy,
  I see it a' the day.

"But half o' a' my gettin'
  Sall plenish peer an' auld,
An' fat I took with chaitin',
  Sall a' gae back fower fauld."

The Prophet o' the far fame
  Cam' doon the marble stair;
He'd deen His best to that hame—
  He left salvation there.

He cured the blin' an' ailin'
  That waitit i' the street,
His peety never failin',
  He made the bitter sweet.

But nane o' a' His winnin's
  Sae brichtened up the road,
As stoppin' that man's sinnin's
  'At wis sae far fae God.

THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN.

TWA men gaed up the brae to kirk,
  As the aul' bell clank'd her jow:
The taen a fell conçaited birk,
  The tither doon i' the moo.

The first begood his prayers slap-bang—
  Didna Heaven wint to hear?
He shudna keep them wytin' lang,
  Nor hinner the angels' cheer.

He needit nocht fae Pooers abeen;
  He had a'thing an' to spare.
Gin grace was scrimp ayont the meen,
  He cud len' some gweedness there.

"I'm gled I'm sic a santly chiel,
  That I'm no like ither fowk—
Hame-drauchtit, swicks, wha sair the deil
  In wyes that maist gar me cowk.

"Ae fast a towmond's a' we need;
  But aft I the aumrie steek;
An' I wi' tiends the rowle exceed
  'At cam' doon fae Moses meek."

The tither steed, a waefu' wicht,
  An' he dauredna lift an e'e;
An' there he cried, wi' tearfu' micht,
  "O peetifu' God, min' me!"

Whilk o' the twa gaed hame forgi'en
  On that holy Sawbath day?
Whilk o' them had his sowl made clean?
  Was't him 'at had maist to say?

Na: nae the boy 'at reez'd himsel',
  An' blackguairded ither fowks,
An' thocht the scaumin' lowe o' hell
  Was for a' but his smug chouks.

'Twas him 'at cudna lift his e'en,
  An' hadna a wird to say
For a' the hairm he'd thocht an' deen,
  'At gaed hame in peace that day.

For him 'at's sweer to own the vrang,
  Heaven jist maun lat him be;
But him that sings peccavi's sang
  Will the Lord's salvation see.

Twa men cam' hame fae kirk fu' snod-
  Braw kwyte an' sheenin' boot-
But ane was farrer in wi' God,
  An' the ither farrer oot.

TWA SISTERS AN' THEIR BRITHER;

Or, Martha, Mary, and Lazarus.

The sun had set on Olivet, an' darkness thick came doon,
'Twis seelence but an' ben excep' for Mary's waesome croon;
Their brither he wis richt nae weel, wis 'oorly growin' waur,
An' Him they aye dependit on wis in Perea far.

"But never min'," said Martha, as she dried her sister's tears,
An' pat her airms roon her neck, an' socht to quait her fears;
"Oor neebour says he'll gyang the morn an' tell oor Freen the news,
An' He'll be here het fit, ye'll see; He never cud refuse."

Yet oh! the Maister cam' na, an' altho' they warna coo'rds,
Baith sisters grat as they looked doon the road to Jordan's foords;

An' syne they stoppit lookin', for their brither he was
deid;
The warst had noo befa'n them; there wis naething
mair to dreed.

But they were nae forgotten by the Freen that never
fails,
By Him 'at his a roomy hert for ilky ane that ails,
An' dowie death hid hardly made the lanely sisters wae,
Fin they war taul' the Maister an' His Twal' war on
the brae.

'Twis Martha gaed to meet Him, an' she tell't Him fat
she thocht;
She win'ert that He didna gie the skeel an' help they
socht;
Gin He had come fin they sent wird their brither widna
dee'd;
But maybe He'd dae something yet, for He had poo'er
wi' Gweed.

The Maister answered kin'ly, an' wi' bonnie wirds o'
cheer;
"Yer brither 'll come oot the mools, he'll rise again,
for seer,
An' nae on some far distant day yer misty e'en do see;
Yer brither isna deid, my lass; he lives, he lives in
Me."

An' syne He speert for Mary 'at wis aye sae near His hert,
An' fin she h'ard He wintet *her* she till Him like a der. :
He looked on her begrutten face that tell't o' drumly soul;
Richt sair it wis for Him to hae *her* keen reproach to thole.

Thegither, then, 'mid sabs an' grains, they slowly took their wye,
Oontill they cam' up till the greff whaur Lazarus' corpse did lie;
On ilky coontenance He saw dool's signature wis vrat:
He cudna langer haud it back, an' fair brak' doon an' grat.

But greetin' wisna a' the help the Maister haed to gie,
Altho' the Lord's gryte-hertedness wis comfortin' to see;
But He had come to speak to death, an' sen' it till it's cooch,
An' tak' His leal an' lovin' freen oot o' its clammy clootch.

He h'ard the murners clatt'rin' as if He had nae deen richt—
"He cud as easy cured His freen as gie the blin' their sicht":

He ne'er lat on He hard them, but He laid peer
Martha's fear,
Wha thocht the corpse wis owre far gane for them to
ventur' near.

He gart them rowe aff fae the greff the steen 'at steek't
its moo,
An' syne He had a wird wi' God –His Pairtner here a'
throu';
Then clair an' strang the order rang 'at bade His freen
come oot,
An' Lazarus steed i' the licht! Nae room for quirk or
doot.

They war twa blithesome sisters as wis ever kent to
fame,
As airm in airm they brocht their blint'rin' brither back
to hame:
But nae mair blithe than we will be when greffs gi'e
back oor ain,
An' we forgaither whaur the'll be nor dool nor death
again.

GLOSSARY.

GLOSSARY.

Abeen, above
Aefauld, single-hearted; sincere
Aff, off
Afore, before
Aften, often
Agee, awry
Ahin, behind
Ain, own
Air, early
Aiten, oaten
Aith, oath
Alloo, allow
Ane, one
Aneth, beneath
Aneuch, enough
Antrin, occasional
Argie-bargie, contention
Aul', old
Aumrie, cupboard
Ava, at all
Awat, I wot; indeed; truly
Awere, acre
Awe, owe
Awmous, alms; dole
Ayon, Ayont, beyond

Baillie, a man or boy in charge of cattle
Baith, both
Bantin, bantam
Barm, ferment
Been, bone
Beet, *v.* bet; *n.* boot
Begeck, disappointment
Begood, began
Begrutten, tear-stained
Belyve, by and by
Beuk, Buik, book
Bien, well-to-do
Biggin, building; house
Billet, lot; situation
Billy, fellow; comrade
Bing, crowd; heap; pile
Birkie, lively, smart fellow
Birl, brisk dance
Blaud, spoil
Bleb, sip; tipple
Bleck, puzzle; defeat
Bleed, blood
Blinter, blink
Bourach, a knot, or group, as of people
Braw, fine; pleasant
Braxy, an internal inflammation in sheep
Bree, liquid; liquor
Breed, Breid, bread
Breem, broom; a thatch of broom
Breet, brute (used in a kindly sense)
Bress, brass
Bridder, Brither, brother
Brig, bridge
Bows, wooden yokes. *To go throw' the bows*, to misbehave
Broch, halo
Brod, collecting-box in a church
Broo, brow
Brookie, blacksmith
Broon, brown
Bubbly, turkey-cock
Bucker, annoyance; nuisance
Bung, ill-humour; huff
But an' ben, the two apartments of a cottage
Byous, out of the common; exceedingly

Ca', call; drive
Caird, tinker

Car, calves
Carl, a churl; a man
Catechis, catechism
Caul, cold
Caup, bowl
Chafts, chops; cheeks
Chait, cheat, cheated
Chirm, complain; fret
Chaumer, chamber; sleeping-place for farm servants
Chiel, a fellow; a man
Chouk, cheek
Clachan, hamlet
Claes, clothes
Clair, clear
Claithe, clothe
Clood, cloud
Cloot, blow
Clootch, clutch
Clorty, dirty; messy
Clyte, a heavy fall
Collogue, *v.* converse; *n.* intimate conversation
Conçaited, conceited
Confoon, confound
Connach, spoil; destroy
Conter, contradict
Cooch, dog's kennel
Coup, upset
Cower, recover
Couthie, kindly; agreeably pleasant
Cowk, vomit
Craft, croft
Crap, crop. *Shook their craps*, gave expression to their grievances and feelings
Cratur, creature
Craw, crow
Creesh, thrash
Crine, shrink; shrivel
Croon, crown; the head
Croose, bright; happy
Crowp, croak; complain
Crummie, cow
Cud, could
Cuist, cast
Curn, a quantity; a company

Dacent, decent
Dackle, lessen speed
Darger, day-labourer
Dask, desk
Daud, stroke
Daur, dare
Deave, deafen; annoy
Dee, do; die
Deen, done
Deester, doer; promoter
Dert, dart
Dicht, clean; wipe up
Dinna, don't
Dip, challenge; discuss
Dird, thump
Dirl, vibrate
Dist, dust
Divot, piece of turf
Dixie, severe scolding
Dizzen, dozen
Docken, common dock plant (*Rumex pratensis*)
Dominie, schoolmaster
Donnert, in dotage; stupid
Dook, bathe
Dool, woe; grief
Doon, down
Doot, doubt
Dother, daughter
Dottle, become stupid and fretful
Dowie, sad; dismal
Dree, endure
Dreed, dread
Dreel, drill
Dreep, drip
Drow, fit of illness
Drowse, become drowsy; indulge in drowsiness
Drumly, muddy
Ducksie, dull; lazy
Duds, clothes
Dunt, blow; thump
Dwalm, fit of sickness
Dwebble, feeble
Dwine, languish; waste away

E'e, E'en, eye, eyes
Eese, use
Eeswall, usual
Efter, after
Eident, diligent
Eke, addition

Elbick, elbow
Ettle, aim at
Excamb, exchange one piece of land for another

Fa, who?
Fa', fall
Fader, father
Fae, from
Faem, foam
Fairm, Fairmer, farm, farmer
Fan, when
Fang, scamp
Far, where
Far-ben, in high favour
Farever, wherever
Fash, trouble
Fat, what
Faul, fold
Faut, fault
Fecht, fight
Feel, fool
Feem, fume
Fegs, truly (exclamation of surprise)
Fesh, fetch
File, while
Files, sometimes
Fin, when
Fit, foot. *Fit-an'-mou*, foot-and-mouth disease
Fite, white. *Fite-iron*, tin ware
Fivver, fever
Flech, flea
Fleed, head ridge on which the plough is turned
Fleg, *v.* frighten; *n.* fright
Fleer, floor
Fleerish, flourish
Fob, pant
Fog, gather wealth. Foggit, having acquired wealth
Foo, *adj.* full; *adv.* how; why
Fooner, founder
Foorich, work in a flurried manner
Forby, besides
Forenent, over against
Forfochen, over-tasked; worn out
Forgaither, to meet together
Forrit, forward
Fousome, foul
Fower, four
Freen, friend
Fudder, move hurriedly
Funs, whins
Fussle, whistle
Fyow, few

Gae, go
Gager, exciseman
Gairdy, arm
Gait, way; pace; motion
Galore, in abundance; plentifully
Gamey, gamekeeper
Gangrel, vagrant
Gar, compel; force
Gartens, garters
Gate, way
Gee, sullenness; stubbornness
Gibbles, wares; odds and ends
Gidder, gather
Gied, gave
Girn, snare
Gin, if
Girse, grass
Glack, fork of a tree
Glaiket, senseless; stupid
Glaur, mud; ooze
Gled, glad
Gleg, eager; sharp
Gowd, gold
Gowpenfu', fill of the two hands placed side by side
Grain, groan
Greet, Grat, weep, wept
Greff, grave
Grun', ground
Gurr, growl
Gryte, great
Gyte, mad
Gweed, good
Gyang, *v.* go; *n.* a gang
Gyaun, Gyaan, going

Habber, stutter
Hae, have
Haed, had
Haffets, temples; sides of the head

Hagger, wound; cut with a jagged edge
Haill, Hale, whole
Hain, save; husband
Hairst, harvest
Hame, home
Hame-drauchtit, selfish
Haud, hold
Haudin, holding
Heck an' manger. *To live at heck an' manger*, to have the run of everything, to live extravagantly
Hedder, heather
Heich, high
Heid, head
Herry, rob
He'rt, Hert, heart
Het, hot
Hinmost, last
Hinner, hinder
Hirple, limp; hobble
Hiv, *v.* have; *n.* hoof
Hoast, cough
Hooch, shout
Hunner, hundred
Howff, a place of resort; a place of evil repute
Hurschle, move along a seat without rising

Idelty, idle frolic
Ile, oil
Ilk, Ilka, Ilk, each, every
Ill-faured, ugly; unbecoming
Ither, other

Jaw, chatter; abusive talk
Jibble, small quantity of any liquid (used contemptuously)
Jile, gaol
Jot, job; piece of work
Jouk, dodge
Jow, sound of bell

Kail, colewort. *Kail throw' the reek*, a drubbing
Kaim, comb
Keerious, curious
Ken, know
Kenle, kindle
Kep, *n.* cap; *v.* intercept
Kerridge, carriage
Kibble, active
Kirs'en, christen
Kist, chest
Kitchie, kitchen
Kittlin, kitten
Knap, knoll
Kneef, fairly healthy and active
Kwintra, country
Kyaard, abuse
Kye, cows

Laft, loft
Laich, low
Lair, sink in bog or mud
Laist, last
Lammie, lamb
Lang, long
Langidge, Langige, language; words
Lauch, laugh
Lave, the rest; the remainder
Lee, lie
Leear, liar
Leen, alone
Leeshins, licence
Licht, light
Lichtnin, lightning
Lift, sky
Lippen, trust
Lippie, fourth of a peck
Lirk, crease
Lith, joint; segment
Loon, lad; boy
Loose, louse
Loshins, exclamation of surprise or wonder
Lowe, flame
Lowse, leave off work
Lug, ear
Lyart, streaked with grey

Maet, food
Maick, Maik, halfpenny
Mair, more
Mairch, bound
Mairt, ox killed at Martinmas for winter use
Maist, most
Malagruze, bruise

Mang, long for eagerly
Maroonjus, harsh; outrageous
Maun, must
Mauna, must not
Mawkin, hare
Mear, mare
Meen, moon
Meen, pity
Meesic-fan, musical instrument (used contemptuously)
Mengyie, crowd; huddled mass
Mert, ox killed at Martinmas for winter use
Micht, might
Minneer, great noise
Mislippen, neglect
Mith, might
Mither, mother
Mirk, darkness
Mirky, smiling; merry
Misdoot, doubt (*mis*, intensive)
Missaucre, hurt severely
Moggin, stocking used as a purse
Mony, many
Moo, Mou, mouth
Mools, moulds; earth of a grave
Mowse, used negatively. *Nae mowse*, dangerous
Moyen, accomplish by means; allure
Muckle, large; much
Mullert, miller
Murn, mourn

Nae, none; not
Naething, nothing
Nane, none
Neebour, neepour, neiper, neighbour
Neeps, turnips
Neist, next
Newlins, newly
Nicht, night
Niz, nose
Nob, nose
Nocht, nought
Noo, now
Note, bank note
Nyatter, speak fretfully or angrily; grumble

Ocht, aught; ought
Ontill, Oontill, *conj.* till; *prep.* on to
Oolet, owl
Oor, hour; our
Oorie, eerie; dismal
Ootbrak, outbreak
Ootlat, outlet; expression
Ootlin, stranger; outcast
Orra, idle; low; odd. *Orra wark*, odd jobs
Ower, Owre, over
Oxter, armpit; bosom

Pailin, stake-fence
Pairis, parish
Pech, pant
Peel, pill
Peer, poor
Peety, pity
Pey, pay
Pick, small quantity
Pickthank, ungrateful
Pilk, pilfer
Pit, put
Plantin, plantation
Pleuch, plough
Pleura, pleuro-pneumonia
Ploitery, wet; muddy
Ploo, Plooman, plough, ploughman
Pooch, pocket
Pooer, power
Poopit, pulpit
Pooshan, poison
Pran, crush; hurt severely or fatally
Preen, pin
Prig, plead hard
Protick, rash or idle experiment or adventure
Puckle, number; quantity

Quaet, Quait, Quate, quiet
Queed, cud
Queel, cool
Queet, ankle
Queyt, coat
Quine, girl
Quyte, coat

Raith, quarter of a year
Randy, virago; loose-tongued woman
Rape, rope
Raw, row
Rax, stretch; hand
Redd, clear out
Reemis, rumbling noise; heavy blow
Reese, Reeze, praise
Reest, *n.* roost; *v.* refuse to move
Reeve, tore
Refeese, refuse
Richt, right
Rig, ridge; section of a field; trick
Rin, run
Rinnins, main outlines
Rist, rest
Rizzon, reason
Roch, rough. *Roch an' richt*, rough in manners
Roose, rouse
Roost, rust
Rottans, rats
Roy't, frolicsome
Ruck, rick
Runtit, having lost all

Sab, sob
Sae, so
Saick, sack
Saidle, saddle
Sair, sore
Sairs, ailments
Sanshach, saucy; disdainful
Sark, shirt
Sarkit, undershirt
Sautie, tasting of salt
Saxty, sixty
Scaffy, scavenger
Scaith, injury; damage
Scance, scan
Scart, scratch
Scashle, quarrel
Scaul, scold
Scaum, scald
Scaup, thin, poor soil
Sclaff, stroke
Sclaffert, stroke with the hand
Sclait, slate
Scool, scowl
Scooneral, scoundrel
Scoot, *n.* term of contempt; *v.* hurry off
Scouth-an'-routh, freedom to range and plenty of food
Scushle, shuffle
Seck, sack
Seelence, silence
Seen, since; soon; ago
Segs, sedge; the yellow iris
Seer, sure
Shall, shell
Shalt, pony
Shangie, fight; scrimmage
Shank, stocking being knitted; the leg. *To shank it*, to walk
Sharger, a stunted person or animal
Shaw, show
Shee, shoe
Shirra, sheriff
Shirrameer, tumult
Shooer, shower
Showd, swing
Sibness, relationship
Sic, Siccan, such
Sicht, sight
Sin, son
Sin', since
Sinder, separate
Sizzon, season
Skaim, scheme
Skeel, skill
Skelp, smack; blow
Skirt, hurry off
Skweel, school
Skyrie, glaring; showy
Slicht, slight
Slung, a low fellow
Smeddum, intelligence; shrewdness
Smert, smart
Smore, smother
Smuchter, smoulder
Snapper, stumble
Sneeshin, snuff
Snell, sharp; cold

Snod, tidy; neat
Socht, sought
Sodger, soldier
Soople, supple
Sorn, sponge upon; loaf
Soss, mess
Souch, sough
Souder, solder
Sowf, whistle in a low tone
Sowl, soul
Spairge, bespatter
Speel, climb
Speer, Speir, Spier, ask
Split, quarrel; separate
Splore, frolic; revel
Sprag, a piece of wood or iron used to block a wheel
Sprot, a coarse kind of grass
Spurtle-shanks, thin legs
Sta', stall
Stack, a pile of peats
Stance, site
Stane, stone
Stang, sting; pole; steering-rod
Stank, ditch
Stap, step; stop
Steek, shut
Steen, stone
Steer, stir
Stoon, ache
Stoot, strong
Stour, dust; a downpour
Stow, steal
Strae, straw
Strang, strong
Straucht, straight
Streen, last night
Stridelins, astride
Stripe, small open drain
Strush, Strushie, quarrel; disturbance
Struve, strove
Swack, supple
Swallin, swelling
Sweer, lazy
Sweer, swear
Swick, cheat
Swype, sweep
Swyppirt, swift
Syne, since; then
Tack, lease
Tackie, a game
Tag, leather strap
Tapdress, manure on the surface
Tatie, tattie, potato
Tatie-boodie, scarecrow among potatoes
Tee, too; also
Teem, empty
Teen, humour; temper
Teet, peep
Tent, care. *Tak' tent*, give heed to, have a care for
Teuch, tough
Teuk, took
Thack, thatch
Theat, trace by which horses draw plough, etc.
Thole, bear; endure
Thocht, thought
Thrang, throng
Thrapple, throttle
Threeve, throve
Throu', Throwe, through
Thunner, thunder
Tig, fit of ill-humour
Tink, tinker
Tint, lost
Tirr, strip off; uncover
Toozle, Tousle, Toosle, dishevel; tussle
Tourin, towering
Towmond, Towmon, twelve-months
Trag, trash
Trauchle, drudge; overtoil
Tribble, trouble
Trig, tidy
Trink, Trinkie, narrow channel
Troch, trough
Trock, goods of no value; trash
Trogs, troth (as an oath)
Trowth, truth
Tryst, appoint a meeting
Turse, dress; adjust one's clothes
Twa, two
Twal, twelve
Tyauve, struggle
Tyesday, Tuesday
Tyke, dog

Umman, woman
Unco, strange
Uphaud, uphold

Vooch, vouch
Vrang, wrong
Vratch, wretch
Vreet, write
Vricht, wright; carpenter
Vrocht, wrought

Wa', wall
Wae, *n.* woe; *adj.* sorrowful
Wark, work
Warstle, struggle
Wat, wet
Waucht, weight
Wauken, wake
Weans, children
Wecht, weight
Weel, well
Weel-a-wat, assuredly
Weer, wear, wire; knitting-needle
Whang, blow; lash
Whapper, lie
Whaup, curlew
Wheen, number; quantity
Whilk, which
Wicht, wight; person; fellow
Wid, *v.* would; *n.* wood
Widdiefu', romp; scamp
Widder, weather
Wide, weed
Wimple, wind; meander
Winna, will not
Wintin, without
Wird, word
Wirm, worm
Wirsit, worsted
Wirth, worth
Wite, blame
Wraith, drift; wrath
Wrang, wrong
Wricht, carpenter
Wuddie, gallows
Wye, way
Wylins, selections
Wyte, wait
Wyve, weave; knit

Yap, hungry
Yett, gate
Yird, earth
Yirn, curdle